

00-16-67 Scraf Book marked D. + R. Beez This is more of a history of their works as artists together. Contimes with history of Doris work after Diclo's death. Contains Hoto. grafts of stage Site at theatre. This books may be shown to memorial exhibition, of vanted, but remains my decig Beer.



By HENRY McBRIDE.

In the gallery of Miss Gheen, Inc., in the Fuller Building. Doris and Richard Beer are showing water colors. The motifs have been found in Nantucket and Mrs. Beer's drawings provide sparkling testimony to the picturesqueness of the Island. Mr. Beer's water colors are much simpler; so much simpler, in fact. that at times they seem like symbols of the same. The frequent red stars con the frames indicate they are getting appreciation.

THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR, BOSTON,

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1938

When winter winds whirl through city streets and our activities are constrained by town apartments, how can we better carry our vision beyond confining walls than by opening them up, as it were with atmospheric scenes of summer seas, summer meadows, and people whom the salt spray and vigorous sunlight have made strong? Miss Gheen, Inc., 51 East 57th Birect, is showing through Dec. 10 water colors of Nantucket, by Doris and Richard Beer of the Wharf-weed Studie, in that old town.

head Studio, in that old town,

H. J. K.

Palm Beach Daily News

THE APPENDED COMMENT IS FROM THE ISSUE OF

December 30, 1938; Ruby Edna Pierce, Editor

Garden Gallery Opens On Worth Ave.

"The Garden Gallery," a new and unusual art gallery which will major in new and unusual water colors, will open on the lot which is cornered by South County Road and Worth Avenue Saturday. Technically the opening is only a matter of form. since the gallery is bounded only by ground, sky and palm trees.

This young gallery is commandeered by two artists who are old only in experience and ability, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Beer. The Beers came here from Nantucket where they have had a similar successful gallery for the last several seasons.

The pictures themselves are small watercolors which these talented artists paint either by order or at random. To date their miniature masterpieces have covered almost every subject from children and dogs to homes and local scenes.

Specializing in pictures of local interest, Mr. and Mrs. Beer will open their exhibition here with a painting of the "Saracen," Mr. C. Egerton Warburton's yacht, also watercolors of Lake Worth, fishing boats, and several typical Palm Beach villas.

Mr. Richard Beer was formerly a critic on the staff of "Art News," well known art publication. He has also written short stories which have been printed in "The Saturday Evening Post," "Collier's," and was at one time a special writer on "Country Life."

Mrs. Beer has studied painting

Mrs. Beer has studied painting at the Art Student's League, Cooper Union, and Columbia. Between them, they combine their talent to produce bright young water colors of personal interest and permanent THE ART NEWS

December 3, 1938

PALM BEACH DAILY NEWS, PALM BEACH, FLORIDA





Nantucket Water Colors

Small Aquarelles Shown

By Dorothy Adlow

Through Dec. 23 the Dawson Company Gallery, 355 Boylston Street, will show the water colors of Doris and Richard Beer.

All the pictures portray views of Nantucket. In specializing on the one theme the artists have provided a kind of panoramic aggregate which introduces us to the streets and byways, the wharves and boats, the sand and sea known to residents of that island. On a chilly, blustery December day in Boston the sunny radiance of Nantucket in summertime glory is a joy to the eye.

joy to the eye.

The aquarelles are small. They are painted with a tidy and well disciplined brush. Miss Beer does not rely on accidentals, she places her strokes precisely and with utmost care. She composes the material well, and has foremost in her thoughts, as she works, a basic structural design to which all the factual details are adapted. Buildings sit on their foundations securely. When she wishes, she emphasizes the mass of gableroofed houses as they cluster around a church, or if there is a structure worthy of isolated handling, she gives full play to its handsome architectural pattern. Nantucket knew its days of commercial prosperity and evidences of it still remain.

Miss Beer has made her portrayal with a directness and lack of flourish or affectation, so that we are inclined to trust her impressions. There may be others who put into their depictions some special quality of emotion; they may use a freer and more expressive palette. But her method has a logic and decisiveness that recommends it.

Mr. Beer's pictures relate to the Nantucket scene but with a more personal note. He uses the world outside as a touchstone to fanciful contrivance. He paints a stretch of landscape, a boat, one object in a spare, illusory way. His introspective approach is an interesting contrast to the objective manner of Miss Beer. Both artists paint pictures of small dimensions, and yet they show range, spacial and imaginative.

+ + +

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1939.

THE NEW YORK SUN

By HENRY McBRIDE.

The third annual exhibition of Nantucket water colors by Mr. and Mrs. Richard Beers is now open in the gallery of Miss Gheen. Inc., and continues, the agreeable line these two artists established some time ago. Nantucket, by their accounts, must be a delightful place, with rows of charming houses in the town that have as much legible numanity about them as human beings have; and this must be because they have been lived in so completely. Comfort and decency were the ideals of the original architects, no doubt, but the result achieved is that of good taste.

Mrs. Beers's water colors celebrate the pleasant features of the island

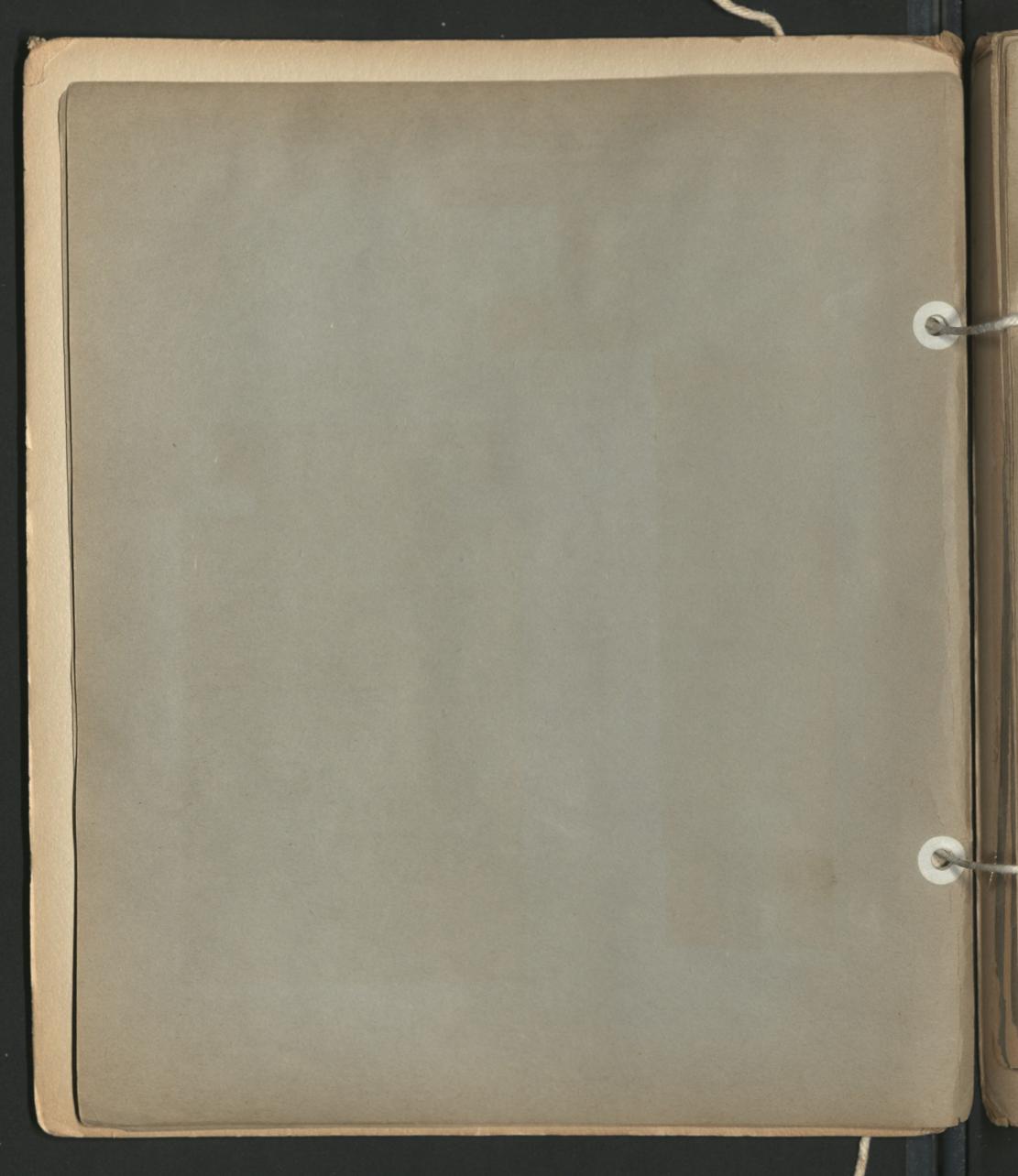
Mrs. Beers's water colors celebrate the pleasant features of the island in a simple, unaffected style and manages to get picturesque material from the small houses huddling about the docks as well as from the grander mansions on the main street. Mr. Beers, on the contrary, reduces his satisfactions in the island, to the simplest dimensions, and would get his statement expressed, like Hokusai, in a single line, if he could. Not trusting us altogether, he still adds a few tones to his glimpses of the waves or of boats drawn up on the sand; but if he is at all encouraged he will simplify still further. That, it is clear, is his temptation.

NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE.

By CARLYLE BURROWS

Nantucket Sketches

Doris and Richard Beer, of the Wharfhead Studio at Nantucket, are current exhibitors at the gallery of Miss Gheen, Inc., where their water-colors are on display through this week. These are mostly small and sparkling impressions of famous Nantucket houses, streets and wharves, painted by Mrs. Beer with all their native charm and the added touch of personality the artist brings to them. Mr. Beer's contribution to the show is somewhat less picturesque, consisting of simple studies of boats and dunes, of which he is evidently more fond than the famous landmarks of the island.



Colorful Water Color Exhibit Shown Here By Eastern Artists

Lovely water color pictures of quaintly colorful Nantucket, interspersed with rural Ohio and Floridan scenes featured the interesting art exhibit given at the Beer homestead, 306 West Southern avenue Thursday.

Impressions of Nantucket, simply and skillfully conveying the suggested scenes to the beholder characterized the pictures in water color and oil that Mr. Beer had on display. His wife, on the contrary, gave the greatest care to detail work so that her pietures had the lines of actual photographs reproduced in the lovellest of colors.

Nantucket street and harbor

Nantucket street and harbor scenes predominated in the exhibition for Mr. and Mrs. Beer spend about six months out of the year on that picturesque island, leaving there late in the fall to give their annual exhibition in New York City.

City.

Florida scenes on display were painted while the couple conducted an outdoor studio in Palm Beach a

While here, Mrs. Beer has been making numerous side trips throughout the countryside and the resulting pictures drew a lot of interested comment yesterday. Several farms west of the city were depicted as were the horse auction and some Amish scenes near Canton. In making a picture of Amish children, Mrs. Beer, well aware of their unwillingness to pose, carefully studied her subjects while visiting their school, putting down her impressions in color as soon as she left.

she left.

Mrs. Beer studied at the Art league in New York, later doing work at Columbia university. Her husband adds the talent of writing to that of painting and has has had stories published in the Saturday Evening Post, Colliers and Country Life. He has also served as critic on the staff of Art News, a well-known art publication.

But a small part of the collection the Beers brought to Ohio could be put on display yesterday. All will be shown in Cleveland next month when the couple will hold

an exhibition at the Ruth Coulter galleries for two weeks, beginning the 4th.

Miss Mary Beer assisted her

Miss Mary Beer assisted her aunts and uncle in receiving the guests yesterday. Mrs. W. L. Monnett presided at the flower-decked tea table when refreshments were served.

THE COLUMBUS DISPATCH

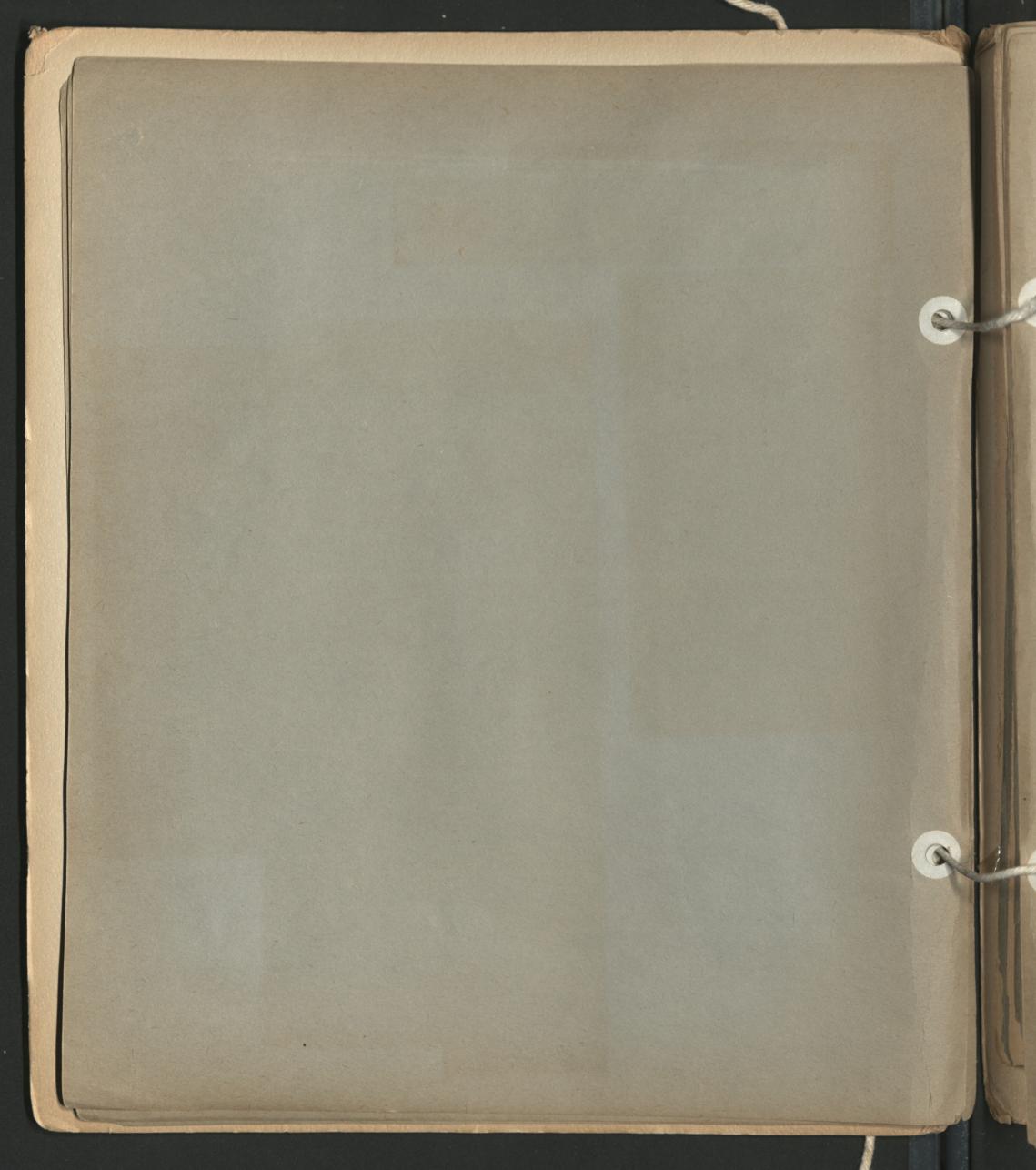
Friday, April 19, 1940.

Exhibit Water Colors at Lazarus

Doris Riker Beer and husband, Richard C. Beer, are pictured selecting the water colors from their collection made at Nantucket, which they will exhibit in the Lazarus meeting place for five days, beginning Saturday Hostesses for the exhibition ar Mrs. Robert M. Coffin, 2696 Dayton avenue; Mrs. John MacLean, 1597 East Long street; Mrs. Neath Jones 92 North Ardmore road, and Miss Katherine Sater, 1654 East

Broad street. Scenes for many of the watercolors are taken from Nantucket, where still remain blocks of 100-year-old houses along narrow, cobbled streets, relices of the days when it was the world's greatest

whaling port. Mr. and Mrs. Beer spent many summers on Nantucket, and for the past three years have conducted the Wharfhead studio, where their work is exhibited during the summer season.



ersatile Mr. and Mrs. Beer Appear at Watercolor Exhibit



Exhibition and Sale of Original

WATER COLORS BY DORIS AND RICHARD BEER

OF WHARFHEAD STUDIO, NANTUCKET

Pictures you can build rooms around! Refreshing watercolors-many are scenes from Nantucket, once the world's greatest whaling port, where century-old houses still stand along narrow cobbled streets. An exhibit and sale of special interest to those who love the sparkling color of watercolors, to collectors of Americana, to home makers in search of a stimulating room-note!

THE COLUMBUS SUNDAY DISPATCH

APRIL 21, 1940

- ART -

-By ROBERT GUNNING-



"Hillside House," a watercolor by Doris Riker Beer, is one of some 70 being exhibited by her and Richard Beer at a "personal appearance" exhibition at the fifth floor auditorium of the F. & R. Lazarus & Co. through Thursday.

PERSONAL appearances on the part of movie stars have become commonplace. Fur-thermore, book stores have found afternoon lectures by popular authors are a good stimulant for reader interest. The popu-lar appearance of a painter is,

lar appearance of a painter is, however, an innovation so far as Columbus is concerned.

Doris Riker Beer and Richard C. Beer (Mr. and Mrs.) of Nantucket are the innovators. Beginning Saturday, they are exhibiting some 70 watercolors and oils in the fifth floor auditorium of the F. & R. Lazarus & Co. and are on hand themselves to meet the public. Their exhibition will continue through Thursday. Thursday.

Art Calendar For the Week

Columbus Gallery of Fine Arts—Photographs by Max Thorek. Beginning Tuesday—Everyman's exhibition of the Columbus Art league. Fifth Floor Auditorium, F. & R. Lazarus & Co.—Paintings by Doris and Richard Beer.

ard Beer. Southern Hotel, Mezzanine Gallery—Paintings by Mr. and Mrs. T. Herndon Reamer.



SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1940. NEW YORK SUN.

In one of the smaller rooms of the galleries Doris and Richard Beer are showing water colors of Nantucket. They are delightfully fresh and unpretentious and have the suggestive charm that water colors handled in this way alone are capable.

The two exhibitions continue until

The two exhibitions continue until November 23.

MELVILLE UPTON

THE NEW YORK TIMES, SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1940,

By HOWARD DEVREE

Still a third show at the gallery is made of fresh and piquant lit-tle water-color sketches of Nantucket, by Doris and Richard Beers—delightful, unpretentious bits of vivid impression.

THE ART NEWS

November 16, 1940

PAINTINGS BY DRAPER AND D. & R. BEER

The watercolors of Nantucket by Doris and Richard Beer hang in another room. They make a charming contrast between them. Mrs. Beer paints the streets and dignified old houses of the town simplifying a good deal of the detail and selecting her material with taste. Beer's delicate little studies confine themselves to views of the sea. They are simple in composition and effective in what they leave out, as well as in what they actually say.

THE NEW YORK TIMES, SUNDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1940.

-A Melange of Christmas Exhibitions-

By EDWARD ALDEN JEWELL

Many of the current holiday activities have been announced ere this. Among the Christmas sales not previously mentioned is an attractive one at the 460 Park Avenue Galleries. It has a \$200 top, but for the most part the prices range very much lower. There are lithographs, for instance, at \$5 and some watercolors at \$10. Work, in various mediums, by the following artists is shown: Valenti Angelo, Beagary, shown: Valenti Angelo, Beagary, Doris and Richard Beer, Samuel Brecher, Victor de Pauw, Louis Eilshemius, Tibor Gergely, Aimy Jones, Rose Kuper, F. Luis Mora (represented by several fresh little oil sketches), Margery Ryerson, George Parker, Agnes Tait, Byron Thomas, William Waltenath and Coulton Waugh, who recently had a one-man show at the 460.

YORK HERALD TRIBUNE.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER

NOTES AND COMMENT ON EVENTS IN ART

By CARLYLE BURROWS

An exhibition of Nantucket water colors by Doris and Richard Beer and a holiday exhibition of small oils by Americans are other features.



From a water color by D. & R. Beer

WILLIAM ROTCH'S COUNTING HOUSE

This brick building was erected at the head of Straight Wharf in 1772 by William Rotch, owner of many whaling ships. It was from this building that the captains of the ships *Dartmouth*, *Beaver* and *Eleanor* received their orders before they sailed for England with cargoes of Nantucket whale oil. From England they sailed for Boston with tea for the famous "Boston Tea Party"

"Boston Tea Party."

The building is now owned by the Pacific Club, organized in 1854 by masters of ships formerly engaged in the whaling business in the Pacific Ocean. It has been the Customhouse for the port of Nantucket and was maintained until 1913. The third story is still used as the District Court Room.

This caption was written by W. E. Chamberlain, Executive Director of the Boston Metropolitan Chapter, American Red Cross, and long a summer resident of Nantucket.

Printed for the

SECOND BANK-STATE STREET TRUST COMPANY BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

1955

ART NOTES

Cue says

NANTUCKET—Very pretty and picturesque little watercolors of this white-housed hill town by Doris Beer, and quick watercolor impressions of boats and sand by Richard Beer, sell for \$10 to \$20 at the 460 Park Ave. Galleries (at 57th).

2 27 41

-MAUDE RILEY

CUE, MARCH 1, 1941

NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1941

Other holiday shows are American and British prints at the American British Art Center; paintings and prints by American artists at the Vendome Gallery; watercolors by Doris and Richard Beer at the Kennedy Gallery;

THE INQUIRER AND MIRROR, NANTUCKET ISLA ND, MASS.

SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 25, 1941.

Nantucket Exhibition Continues in New York City.

Doris and Richard Beer, who have the "Wharfhead Studio" on Old North Wharf, opened an exhibition of their water colors of Nantucket at the 460 Park Avenue Gallery, New York. on November 11th. The exhibition was supposed to last ten days. On November 21st, the director of the Gallery proposed that the exhibition should be extended until December 23rd. It was.

On December 23rd it was decided to keep the pictures on view for a while longer, and the net result is that the exhibition is now scheduled to last indefinitely—which would seem to show how Nantucket can hold its own, even in busy New York.

Visitors at the Gallery have included many of Nantucket's summer residents of long standing: Mr. and Mrs. Austin Strong, Mrs. Raynor Gardiner, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Price, Mrs. Edward X. Ludwig, James N. Smith and Mrs. Smith (Patricia Collinge), Mrs. John T. Brush, Mrs. Natalie Gates, Miss Katherine Jones, James Wright Brown, Mrs. Virginia Sharp and others.

M.Y.C., HERALD-TRIBUNE MAY 18, 1941

An exhibition of Nantucket watercolors by Doris and Richard Beer, at the 460 Park Avenue Gallery, has been extended. The subjects are characteristic village scenes of the Island and boats.

THE BOSTON HERALD, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 6, 1941

Sightseers, Adventurers Revel In 'Far-Away Island' Atmosphere

By LAWRENCE DAME (Herald Staff Reporter)

In the Wharfhead

Studio on the old North Wharf, Richard C. and Doris R. Beer exhibit Nantucket water colors.

THE NEW YORK TIMES, SUNDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1941.

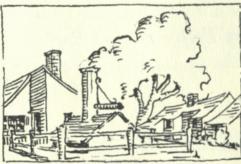
OPENINGS OF THE WEEK

Beer, Doris and Richard—Watercolors of Nantucket. Kennedy Gallery. (Dcc. 8-29.)

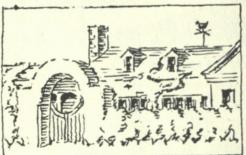
The Moby Dick

in 'Sconset on historical Nantucket Island

An enchanting vacation resort
Your stay at the Moby Dick will be
an unforgettable experience



SCONSET PUMP

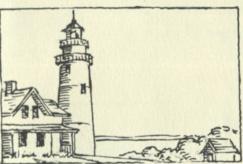


THE CHANTICLEER

The Moby Dick

in 'Sconset on historical Nantucket Island

(once foremost Whaling Port of the World)



SANKATY LIGHT



CASING

Nantucket Pictures to Be Shown in New York Galleries.

Doris and Richard Beer of the Wharfhead Studio, Old North Wharf, are having two exhibitions of their Nantucket water colors simultaneously in New York. The first is at the Kennedy Galleries, 785 Fifth avenue, opening Monday, December 8th, and continuing through the 29th. The pictures in this exhibit are the larger water colors of Nantucket by Mr. and Mrs. Beer. The second exhibition, which is of the Nantucket Miniatures, is at the book and print shop of Harry A. Levinson, 18 East 56th street, and will continue throughout December.

1941.

The Nantucket Miniatures are a new departure in pictures which Mr. and Mrs. Beer originated this past season. They consist of a series of thirty small water colors which cover, so far as possible, all of Nantucket—the wharves, harbor, landmarks, old houses, street scenes, etc. Each picture in the series is an individual water color, and is complete as nearly as the minute scale of painting will allow. Mr. and Mrs. Beer began the Miniatures with a set of eight pictures. They have spent the past four months perfecting the series of thirty which is now being exhibited for the first time in New York.

ART NEWS

Nov. 15-30, 1944

DORIS BEER is showing at the Harlow Gallery a series of her Nantucket scenes in water-color. They give impressions of the various charms of the island—the old Colonial houses, the moors, and the waterfront in sundry weather. Their workmanship is neat, nimble, and daintily attractive.

Richard Beer offers a sheaf of his watercolors in the same exhibition. They are mere wisps of painting—a few tufts of grass on a sand dune, or a rowboat outlined on a monotone sea—yet as far as they go are good little vignettes and show more talent than they actually essay. (Prices \$20 to \$30.)

THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR

BOSTON, FRIDAY, JANUARY 2, 1942

Harry A. Levinson, 18 East 56th Street— Thirty Nantucket Miniatures in water colors by Doris and Richard Beer. Through January.

THE NEW YORK TIMES, SUNDAY,

NOVEMBER 19, 1944.

ART

The annual showing of watercolor sketches by Doris and Richard Beer, who have made Nantucket their own, is current at Harlow's.

H. D.

ART NEWS

Nov. 1-14, 1945

Doris and richard beer, specialists in Nantucket scenery, are having an exhibition of recent water-colors at the Butler Gallery. Highly pictorial, Mrs. Beer's typical wharves and winding vistas give the effect of being at the same time architectural and fluid. A lovely Whistlerian fragility is achieved in June Morning.

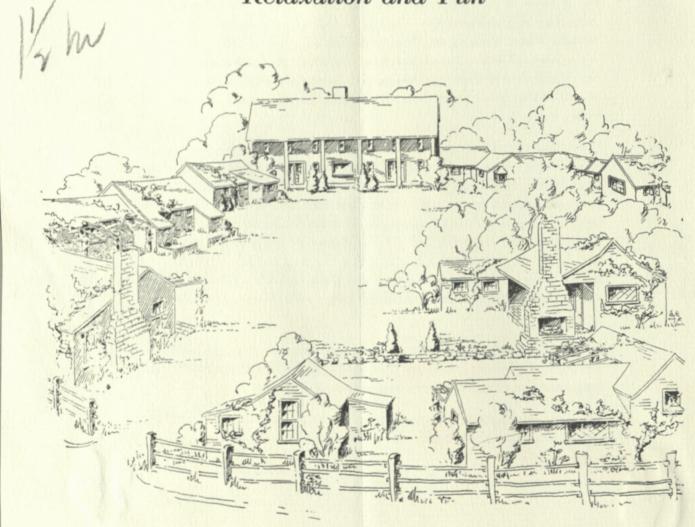
There is an Oriental feeling for nature in Richard Beer's summary High Dunes and Beach Grass, but the rest of his papers illustrate a puzzling cult of sparseness. (Prices \$15 to \$40.)

SATURDAY

Vacation Bridge

The Moby Dick

'Sconset's Unique Playground for Relaxation and Fun



A Poetical Tribute to 'Sconset

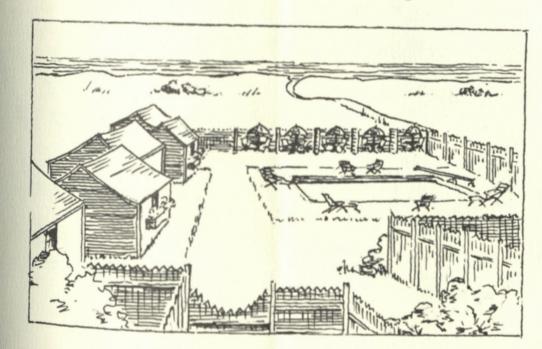
'Sconset

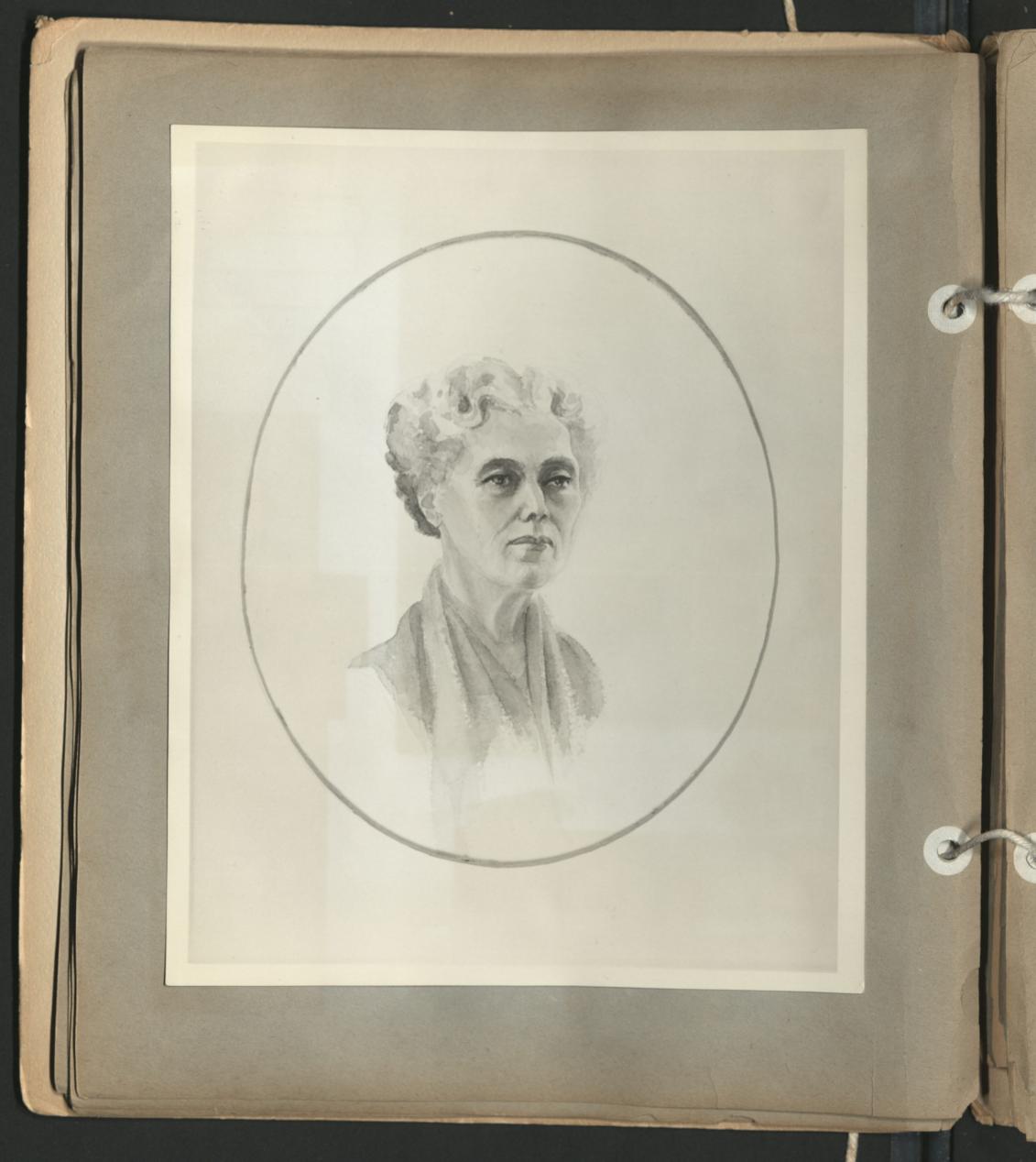
Did you ever hear of 'Sconset, where there's nothing much but moors, And beach and sea and silence and eternal out-of-doors—
Where the azure round of ocean meets the paler dome of day, Where the sailing clouds of summer on the sea-line melt away, And there's not an ounce of trouble Anywhere?

Where the field-larks in the morning will be crying at the door, With the whisper of the moor-wind and the surf along the shore; Where the little shingled houses down the little grassy street Are grey with salt of sea-winds, and the strong sea-air is sweet With the flowers in their door-yards; Me for there!

-Bliss Carman in "Life."

Enjoy a refreshing swim in Moby Dick's heated Pool or in the open Atlantic waters





Artists Find Sun To Their Liking

When water-colorist Richard Beer boarded a freighter in Trieste in 1922 on his vacation from his job as consul in Budapest, Hungary, in search of warm weather, he little dreamed that a quarter of a century later he and his painter partner wife, Doris, would land at Treasure Island to find the sunshine they wanted. They also found, much to their surprise that two Budapest friends were living near them. They are Mrs. Peter Paul O'Mara, daughter of Beer's former chief, William C. Kemp, then American consul general in Hungary, and Dorsey Newson, then secretary of the American commission to the Magyar capital.

Here at the islands, the Beers surrounding area. The tints and tones in sky and gulf, they say, is reminiscent of the Adriatic off Brione, or the sunsets at Raguz-

Their first commission in St. Petersburg is a water color for the menus of Maas Brothers every section of the country.

D. B. Butler Gallery.

Beer also has written many Sunshine Room restaurant done from the lower part of Central Avenue and showing the Yacht Club, a corner of the American Legion building and a vista across the water with the recreation pier in the distance. It is by Louis Untermyor in which



MR. AND MRS. BEER

are painting pictures of the Nantucket, where they spend large pictures have been exbeaches, St. Petersburg and the their summers painting and exhibited at such well known galtheir summers painting and ex-hibited at such well known gal-hibiting in their remodeled boat-leries as Haley and Steele's in house on the Old North Wharf.

their series of Nantucket minia. Dutton's, Kennedy tures, which they have shown pany, Arthur Harlow and the

ation pier in the distance. It is by Louis Untermyer in which called, "Florida Sunshine." they depict the colorful land-The fame of the Beer family scapes of the Emerson country

as watercolor artists began at around Concord, Mass. Their Boston, Associated The Beers are best known for Artists in New York, Brentano's

In the spring the Beers go north again to Nantucket. They will carry with them their beau-tiful pictures of St. Petersburg and the islands and a resolve to return next year to make the Gulf Beaches their winter home.

THE INQUIRER AND MIRROR.

NANTUCKET ISLAND, MASS.

OCTOBER 30, 1948.

The Nantucket Water Colors, for which Mr. and Mrs. Richard Beer of the Wharfhead Studio are famous, will be shown at The Butler Galleries in New York city from November 8 through the 20th. The scenes show many Nantucket streets, waterfront subjects and the lighthouses.

HE NEW YORK TIMES,

NOVEMBER 7, 1948

NOV. 8-20 WATER COLORS of NANTUCKET DORIS BEER RICHARD BUTLER GALLERY

SUNDAY TIMES-ADVERTISER.

SUNDAY, APRIL 3, 1949

Art Exhibition

An exhibition of water colors by Mr. and Mrs. Richard C. Beer of Nantucket opened in Princeton yesterday. The Beers spent some time here last Winter and had a studio on Mercer Street. Mrs. Robert Miller, manager of

the Little Gallery on Palmer Square, said the exhibit was brought here from New York for a limited time. The paintings are of Nantucket scenes which are favorites with the Beers,

Beer spent 10 years in the consular service and is the author of a number of articles which have appeared in national magazines. His wife is a graduate of the Art Students League and Columbia University.

They have maintained a studio in Nantucket for the past 12 years but also h a v e painted in the South and Middle West.

THE NEW YORK TIMES, SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1948.

ART

IN BRIEF: EXHIBITIONS

Doris and Richard Beer-Butler. Small descriptive water-colors of Nantucket

THE INN

SIASCONSET

MASSACHUSETTS
NANTUCKET ISLAND

is easily reached by

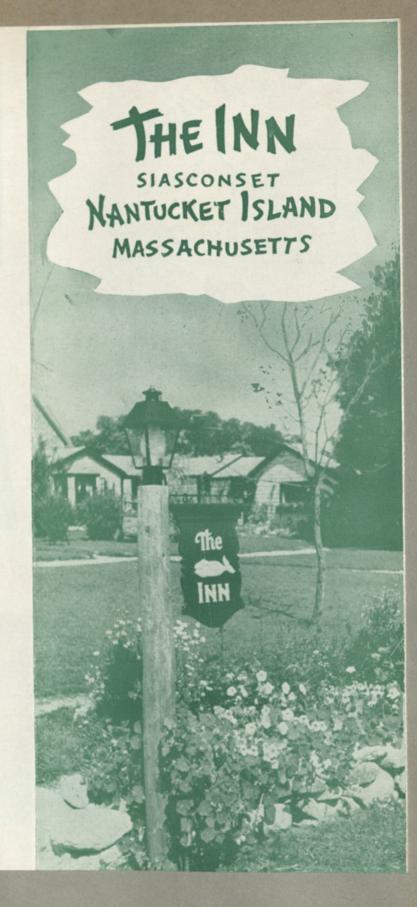
Plane: Northeast Airlines, or Charter service, from New York, Boston, Providence, and Cape Cod.

Train: N. Y. N. H. & H. from New York or Boston, or connecting lines, to Woods Hole, Mass., thence steamer to Nantucket.

Auto: Parkways from New York or Boston to either Woods Hole or New Bedford, thence steamer. Reservations necessary both ways. Contact Massachusetts S. S. Authority at either port.

Yachts: Harbor and Yacht Club facilities available.

Phone, wire or write CLEM REYNOLDS Innkeeper



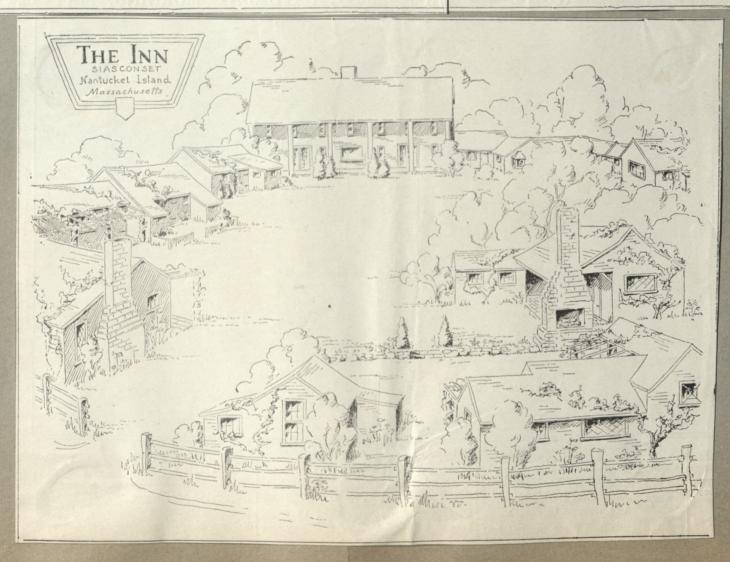
THE INQUIRER AND MIRROR, SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 17, 1947.

SPECIAL 'SCONSET EDITION



INQUIRER AND MIRROR, NANTUCKET ISLAND, MASS.

SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 13, 1950.





Regarding Art

Visiting Boston critics, here to judge group shows at the Kenneth Taylor Galleries, ought to be agree-

For high competence in the handling of that difficult and so often abused medium, water color, we must give laurels to Doris Beer. Her Main Street house, so rich in detail, so beautifully done as to shadows and reflections, so sure and varied in color, is indeed distinguished. Techni-

Notable Surprise Party For Georgie Walling.

Anyone who could surprise quickwitted Mrs. Harry Walling, familiarly known as Georgie and one of the most beloved women on Nantucket, would be going some. But they did it on Tuesday at the Kenneth Taylor Galleries, where she is custodian, in the guise of a 75th birthday celebration.

Pollak were sliced and punch poured freely.

To make the occasion even more joyous, Doris Beer, the Old North Wharf artist and neighbor of Mrs. Walling in summer, presented an original water color card, worthy of framing. In lively terms, it purported to show Georgie walking sedately down the wharf in a Victorian bathing costume with a little girl, her grand-daughter, in 1853. On the lower side, it showed Georgie in modern bathing costume chasing the little girl, Joanna Sims, 7, of Pawtucket, down the same stretch in 1953.

Seventy-five years have not dimmed Georgie Walling's vigor and charm.

THE INQUIRER AND MIRROR

NANTUCKET ISLAND, MASS.

SATURDAY MORNING

AUGUST 22, 1953

mer. The second edition of the group show has opened at the Kenneth Taylor Galleries,

Doris and Richard Beer present some of their lovely simplicities in water color, deft and more difficult to do than you would think because selection of detail plays a major part.

Sidewalk Art Exhibition Colorful Triumph.

inson. Richard and Doris Beer infallibly presented neat, poetic water colors that have become symbols of Nantucket.

NANTUCKET TOWN CRIER FRIDAY, AUGUST 28, 1953

Group A Art Show Praised As 'Good, Bright';

R. C. Beer, in a watercolor "Low Dune," shows large areas of white sand. Blue water bisects the sand and sky. The colors are soft and establish a mood of solitary splendor. " D. R. Beer shows a picture of fog-obscured sailboats at anchor. A striking mood, the waterfront scene has been capably

NEW ORLEANS ITEM, Sun., Feb. 4, 1951

Lagniappe By Thomas Griffin

AROUND AND ABOUT -

Evelyn Jahncke, who does artistic things with her hands in her St. Peter St. shop, being neighborly and raving about "two perfectly beautiful water colors of New Orleans" painted by New Yorker Doris Beer, who, with her husband, opened a shop across the street.

HOW THE PICTURES ARE MADE

We have been asked many times, "How is it possible for you to send out so many ORIGINAL water colors?" "Aren't they really reproductions?" "Is it a secret process?" "Is there some trick to it?"

Yes, there is a trick to it and the process is a unique one. The artist, Richard C. Beer of Nantucket, Massachusetts, and his wife, Doris, also an artist, collaborate in the making of the pictures.

Mr. Beer describes the process as follows:

"First, we make and check a very accurate pencil sketch. From this we make a drawing in India ink, outline only and so faint it is often difficult to identify it in the finished product. This drawing is then reproduced by photo-offset on water color paper.

"The actual painting is done by dividing the colors between us in a series of steps, starting with the light colors and working up to the finishing touches, which are the shadows and dark accents. We usually handle the pictures in batches of fifty, completing one step at a time.

"It is difficult to say how much time goes into the painting of a single picture. All we know is that the whole job, from the first light washes of color down to the final check for errors and omissions, takes from two and a half to three months."

By this process, about four hundred and fifty pictures are made for us each year.

NORTH AMERICAN CAR CORPORATION

NANTUCKET TOWN CRIER FRIDAY, AUGUST 14, 1953

Artists Association Show At Galleries Lauded As One Of Best Here This Year

Pictures currently being exhibited at the Kenneth Taylor Galleries by the Artists' Association of Nantucket comprise on the whole one of the best shows that has been presented here this year with approximately 82 entries lining the walls. Tonight two \$100 awards of merit will be announced after a judging by Margaret Brown, of the Boston Art Gallery

A watercolor by Doris R. Beer entitled "1840" is a pleasant picture showing white columned houses painted with brilliant whites, graceful trees on the walk, and good shadow contrasts. A picture "Mist" by R. C. Beer, another watercolor displayed an unbroken white background, delicate lines for strands of eel grass and small rowboat drifting idly at anchor. The scene displays ease and malance, uncluttered and incisive.

NANTUCKET TOWN CRIER

FRIDAY, AUGUST 21, 1953

300 Paintings Of 70 Artists At Annual Sidewalk Show Attracts Thousands

R. C. Beer's watercolor displays a large area of white sand that rises to a lip of dune curved with tufts of wild green grass throwing shadows on the sand. A washed blue background shows faint streaks of cirrus clouds falling to the edge of water caught between the sand and sky. It is a picture of solitary grandeur, capably executed.

THE INQUIRER AND MIRROR,

NANTUCKET ISLAND, MASSACHUSETTS.

SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 25, 1953

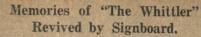
Regarding Art

The tennis balls clicked as usual at

'Sconset Casino on Sunday. But something new around the place attracted many scores of visitors, some of whom had never been in the pavilion before. It was a free-for-all exhibition that can be set down as a great success

Having observed Doris and Dick Beer in paintings of miniature water color form, we were surprised to find

large papers by both, light and airy, stressing significant detail by contrast with empty space, almost to the point of stylization. Very good work from both.



A "shingle" not only decorative but historical has been hung outside the Wharfhead Studio by Doris and Richard Beer, landscape painters. To the uninitiate, the sign merely bears the name of the Beers and is an attractive reminder that within are the portrayals of Nantucket scenes which have brought them much fame. But a careful look shows that this nicely decorated and varnished bit of wood in the vague shape of a shield is actually the sternpiece of a skiff.

Even more, it is a relic of the skill-ful craftsmanship of one of Nantucket's greatest small boat builders, William H. Chase. A careful examination will show the brass plate bearing his name and his title of boatbuilder still affixed to what is now a sign. Mr. and Mrs. Beer have reverence for the work he did and remember that their studio on Old North Wharf was once his boat rental establishment. Up toward the foot of the wharf, the Elias J. Lyon real estate office once was used by Mr. Chase as a boathouse. He rented his rowboats at 15 cents an hour.

The deteriorating skiff from which the sternpeice came lay on the ground back of the Beer studio for years. It was owned by Ralph Dunham and at one time was used by a character known as the Hermit of Great Point, who came to town about once a year for supplies. The Beers obtained permission to detach the piece and make it into a very artistic sign and also a memorial to one whom youngsters now grown to adulthood remember as "The Whittler."

Mr. Chase, a native of Nantucket, was born in 1851 and died in 1930. He learned the boatbuilding trade under Capt. Barzillo Burdett and never would have changed it for another. He was proud of an old island tradition that deemed the whaleboats here better than any anywhere else. As Commodore Herbert H. Coffin of the Wharf Rat Club recalls, "Will" Chase was a wonderful man at making a boat.

Sail boats and small skiffs were among his specialties. But as the years went on, he devoted himself to making ingenious island toys. These included weather vanes in the form of sailboats, Indians with canoes, windmills, whaleboats with oarsmen at work in the breeze, old sailors, birds and whales. This form of craftsmanship developed many imitators but Mr. Chase was considered the pioneer and the best craftsman.

The Beers did the scraping, redecorating with scrollwork and varnishing of the piece and Aquila Cormie, town blacksmith, did the iron work. It is certainly one of the most unusual signs on the island.

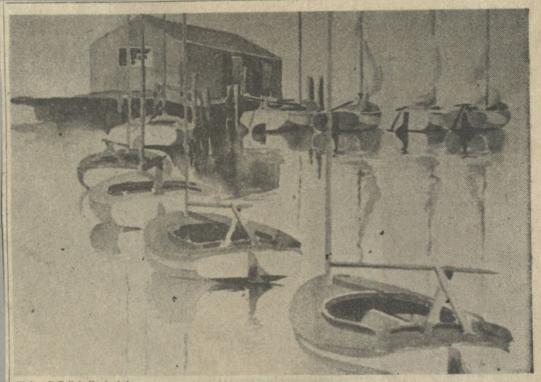


THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR, BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 29, 1953

Art Against Nantucket Backgrounds

Island Paintings Like Those on Mainland

By Dorothy Adlow Nantucket, Mass.



Walter G. Pollak, Nantucket

"Cat Boats," Nantucket water color by Doris Beer

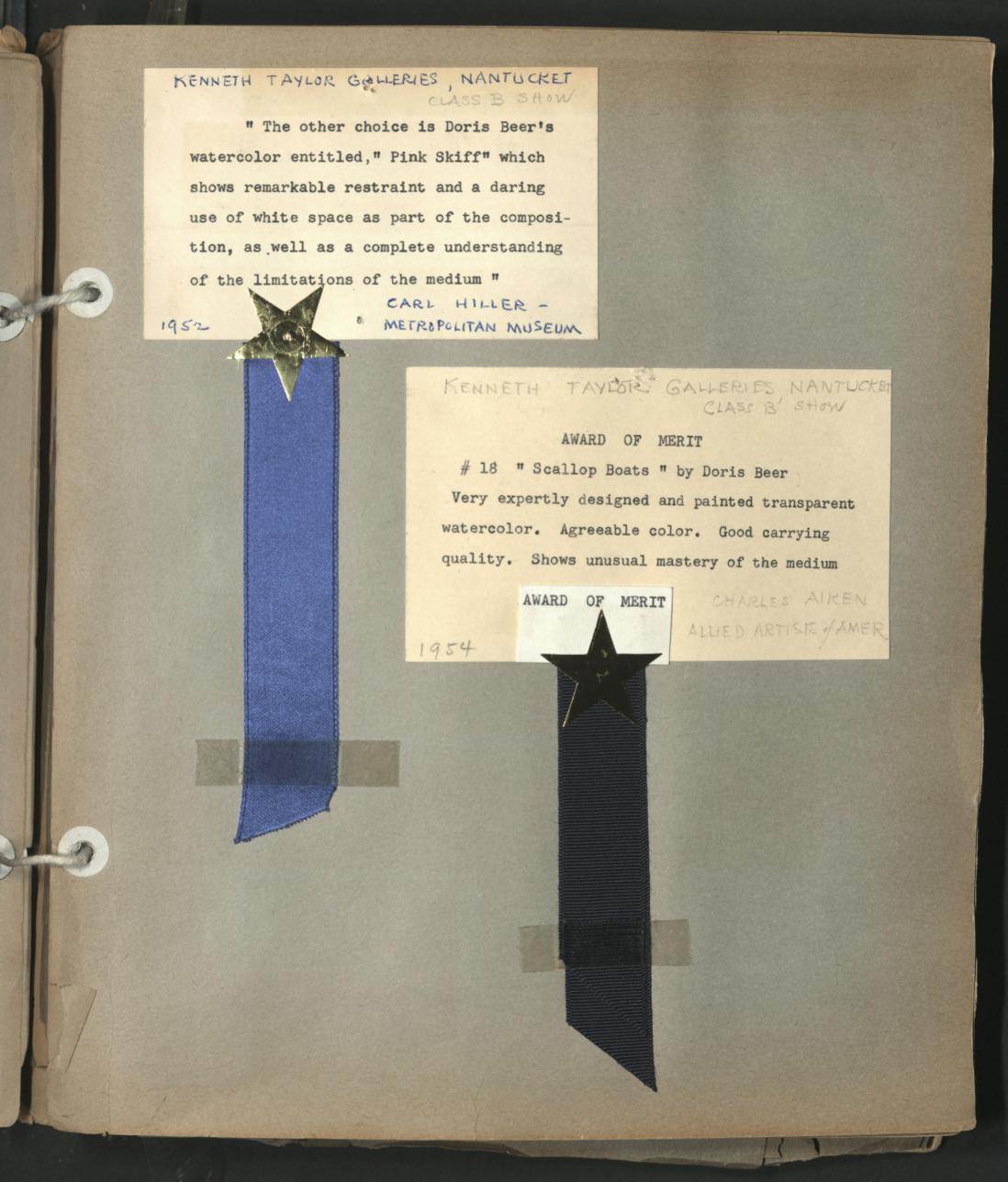
THE INQUIRER AND MIRROR

NANTUCKET ISLAND, MASSACHUSETTS, SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 29, 1953

Awards and Drawings For Kenneth Taylor Art.

High praise as well as awards for the current show of the Kenneth Taylor Galleries came on Monday from Miss Dorothy Adlow, art critic of The Christian Science Monitor, who was making her first invited visit to the island. "These entrants were also considered for special award because each displayed outstanding characteristics of originality, and, if I may call it that, a pioneering spirit—Robert Arner's 'Galaxy', Mr. Bushong's 'Night in Nantucket', and Mr. Sutherland's 'Orientale'. R. C. Beer's 'Low Dune' is notable for calculated economy.

"I submit these findings humbly and declare that a time must come when critics should be criticized for their attempts to pass judgment on things which cannot always be judged in cold language."

















SATURD

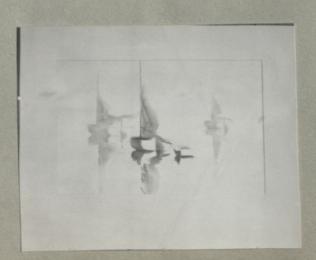
UIRER AND MIRROR, NANTUCKET ISLAND, MASS.

The Annual*Sidewalk Art Show is a Popular Event



This annual event, which has been one of the features of the month of August for many years, offers the professional and amateur artist alike the opportunity to show his work while at the same time doing much to create interest in the rapidly-growing field of amateur participation in art. The above photograph, taken during last year's showing by James L. Hamar, Jr., appears on the August, 1954, Inquirer and Mirror Calendar.





























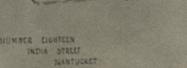










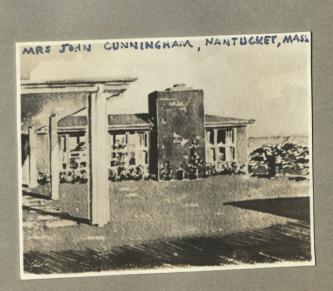




JAN. 194

MRS, GEORGE YERKES















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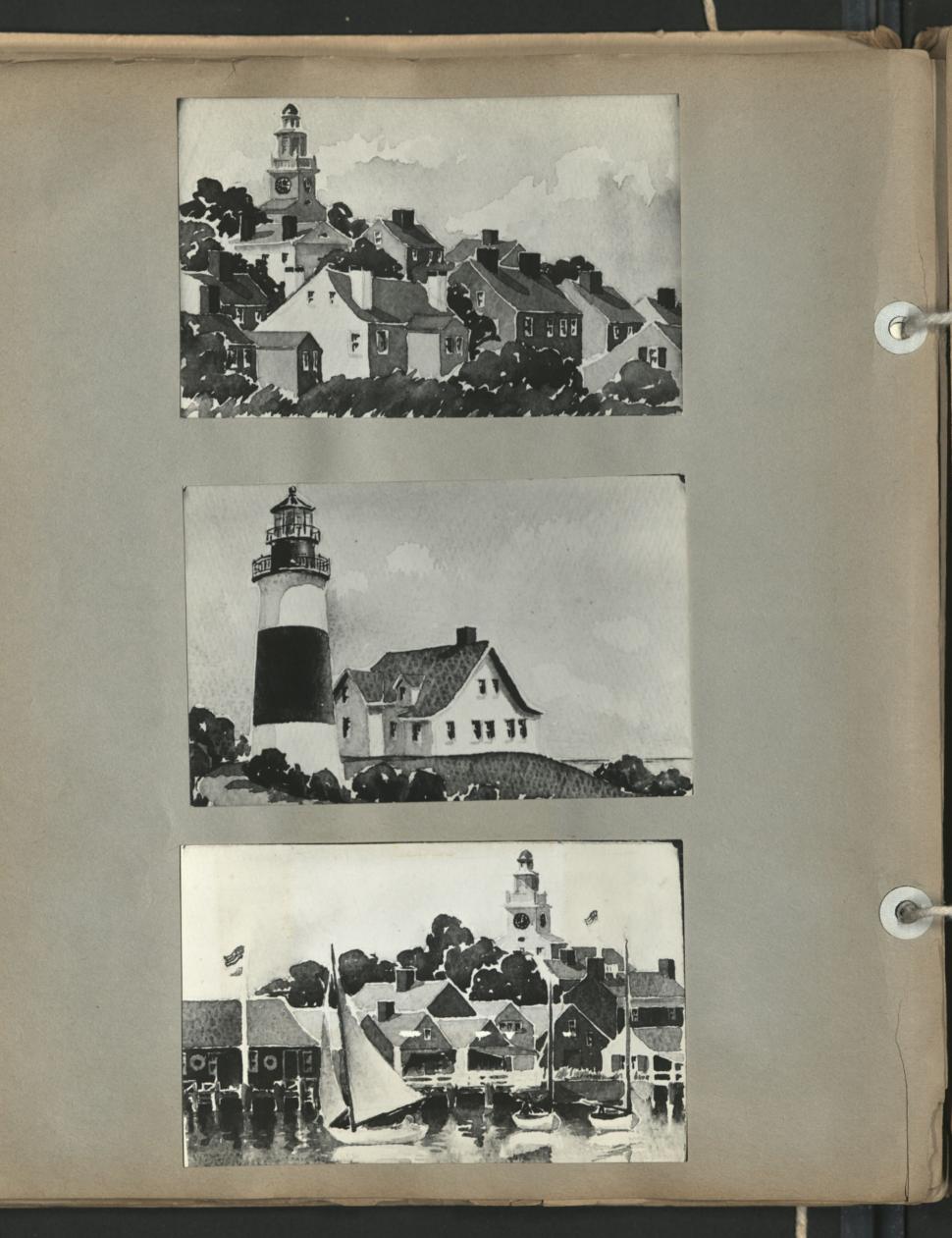












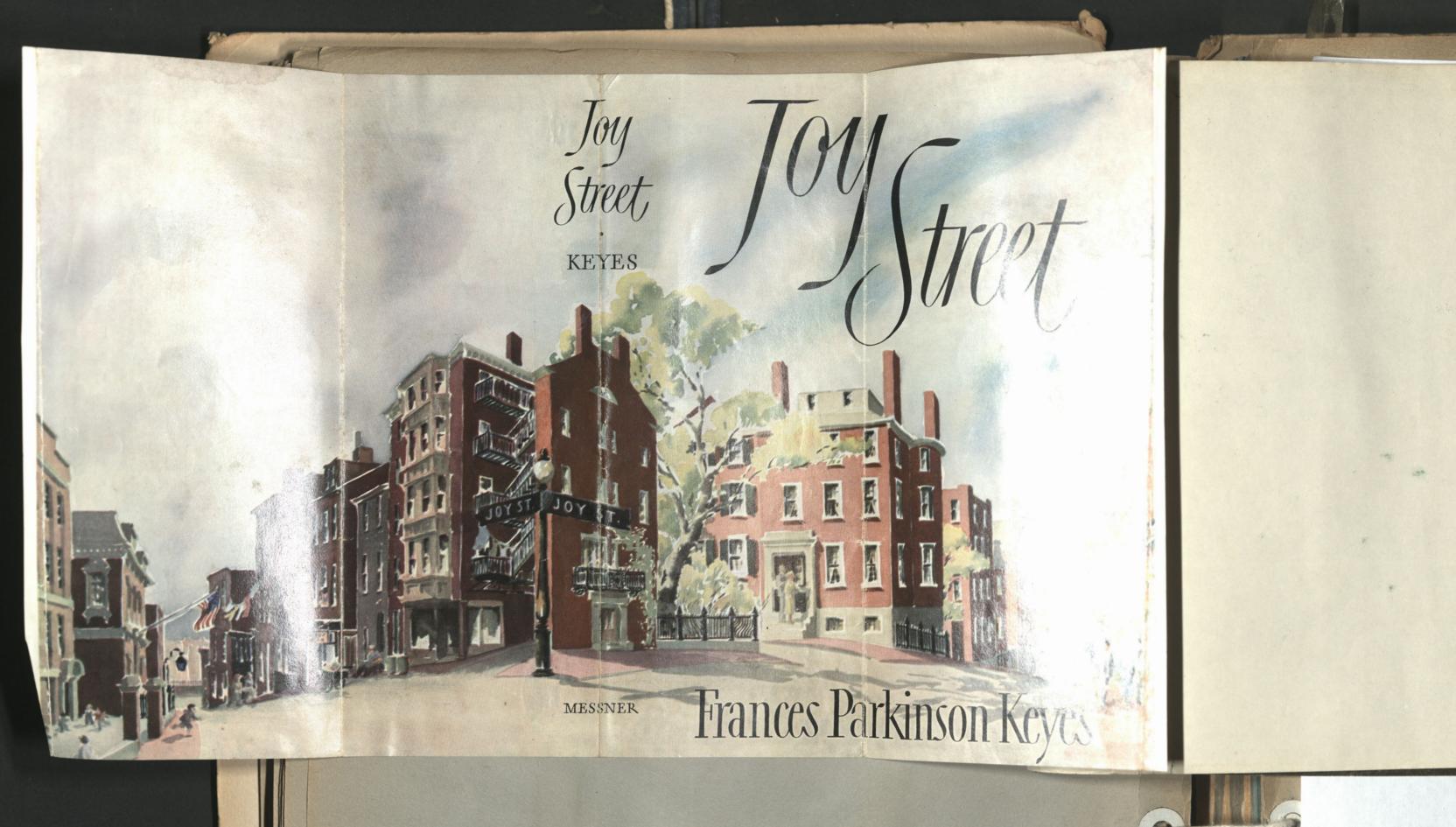




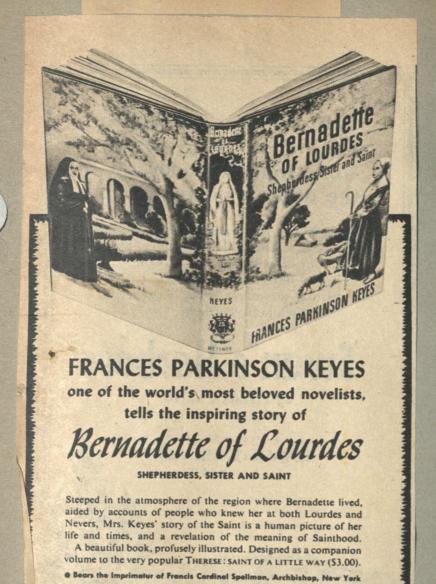


Steamboat Steamboat Canhie

FRANCE PARKINSON KEYES



Bernadette of Lourdes Shepherdess, Sister and Saint KEYES FRANCES PARKINSON KEYES THE NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW, MANNER, 1953



At all bookstores, \$3.50. JULIAN MESSNER, INC., N. Y.

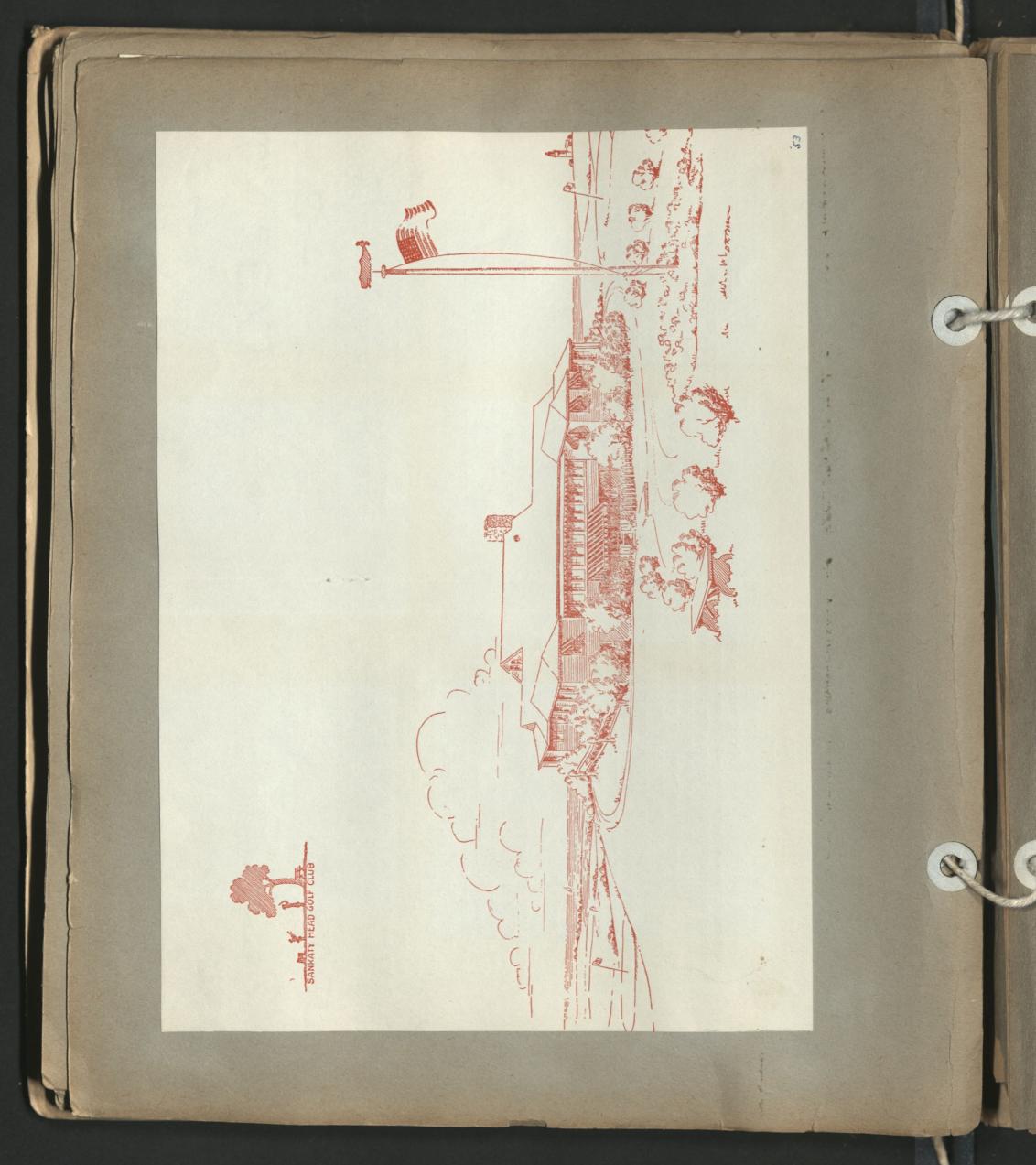
BOSTON SUNDAY POST, NOVEMBER 26, 1950

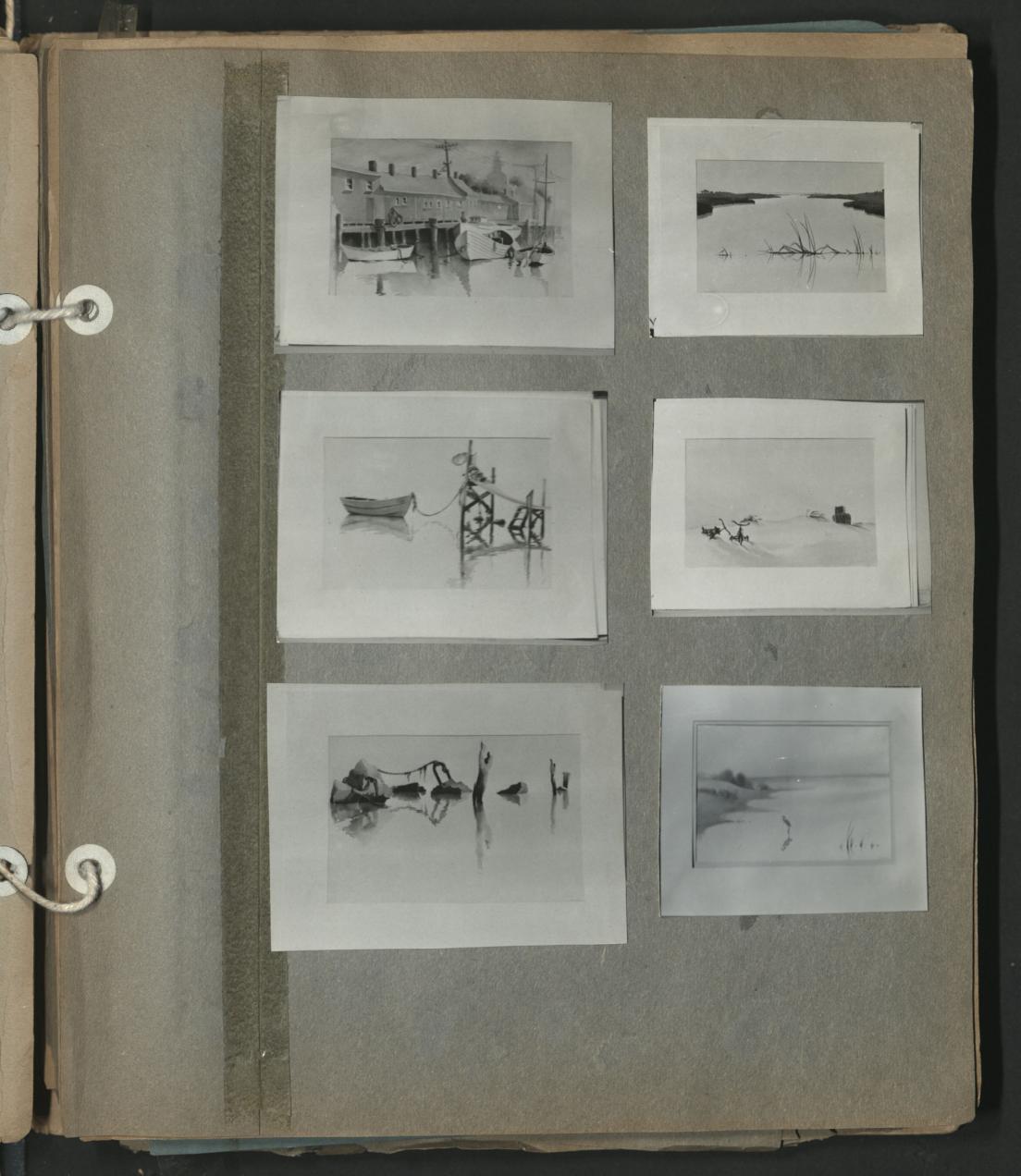
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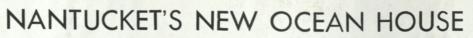
Edited by OLGA OWENS



Jacket drawing by Doris Beer for "Joy Street," by Frances Parkinson Keyes. Eleanor Early, who is writing a review of this captivating novel for the Christmas issue next week, says in brief: "On Joy Street lives old Mrs. Thayer, her grand-daughter Emily, Roger Fields and their aristocratic kith and kin. To the wrong side of the hill come the Luscas, Collins and Salomonts, and the most proper Bostonians fall in love with the wrong people on bewildering, delightful old Beacon Hill. No New Englander will want to miss this fascinating story, which will be a national run-away best-seller."







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SOUTH BEACH STREET — NANTUCKET, MASS.

CONGDON and COLEMAN

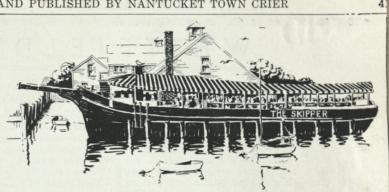


NANTUCKET HOLIDAY

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY NANTUCKET TOWN CRIER

EAT HEARTY

at Steamboat Wharf



TWO CHESTNUT STREET GUEST HOUSE



NANTUCKET HOLIDAY - NANTUCKET TOWN CRIER VISITOR'S GUIDE STONE BARN INN AND COTTAGES North Beach Street

UPPER DECK



THE JETTIES

BATHING BEACH



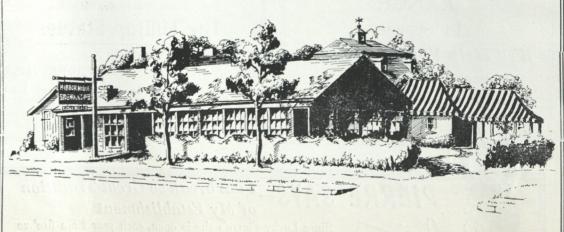


PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY NANTUCKET TOWN CRIER

29

HARBOR HOUSE SIDEWALK CAFE

On The Harbor House Lawn



THE INQUIRER AND MIRROR, NANTUCKET ISLAND, MASS.

Novel Entertainment Features Gala Evening At Gallery.

Friday, August 13, the Artists Association of Nantucket held a Gala Evening made possible by the generous contribution of patrons who participated in the B Section of the Artist-Patron Plan. This is the fifth year the plan has been in operation and it has proved highly satisfactory to all concerned.

Mr. Charles Aiken, President of Allied Artists of America, who is preeminently known for his own work in both watercolor and oil paint, came here from Wellesley to judge the show. Mr. Aiken's choices for the two \$100 awards of Merit and his comments follow:

"Scallop Boats", by Doris R. Beer.
"Very expertly designed and painted transparent watercolor. Agreeable color. Good carrying quality. Shows unusual mastery of the medium."

The six patrons whose names were drawn were permitted a choice of any picture on view. The patrons and their selections were:

Mrs. William Wallace chose "Mist", by Richard C. Beer.

THE INQUIRER AND MIRROR,

SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 28, 1954

Artist-Patron Plan Gala Evening Judged by Harley Perkins.

On Monday, August 23, the Artists Association of Nantucket held a Gala Evening at the Kenneth Taylor Gallery for the A Section of the Artist-Patron Plan.

Mrs. Lucius Potter chose "Black Cat", by Doris Beer; Mrs. Charles Satler chose "Harbor Fog", by Gerald Taber; Mrs. Clarence Sibley chose "Blue Skiff", by Doris Beer; Mrs. Gilbert Verney chose "Morning Light", by Richard Beer.

Outdoor Art Show Held on Monday,

A "little" art show is being held on clear Mondays in the yard of the Little Gallery at the Kenneth Taylor Galleries on Lower Main Street.

The Nantucket group included the watercolors of Doris and Dick Beer, and Barbara Melendy, the pencil sketches of Bill Schoentzeler, oils by Louise Stark, Gerald Taber, Elinor Graham, and John Sharp. A brilliant oil of jonquils by Mr. Sharp was outstanding, as was a watercolor by Dick Beer of a lone boat in the harbor silhouetted against the evening sky.

SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 21, 1954

NANTUCKET TOWN CRIER FFIDAY, AUGUST 20, 1954

Marguerite Lederer And Doris Beer Paintings Take Top Awards In Group B

Marguerite Lederer's In The Studio and Doris Beer's Scallop Boats took top awards in the Nantucket Artists Association annual Group B show. The announcement was made Friday at the Association's Gala Evening by Charles A. Aiken, president of the Allied Artists of America.

Mr. Aiken, who judged the show, said the Lederer picture showed interesting composition and closely studied color relations. "The objects exist in space. There is unusually agreeable tonality with simplicity and directness in presentation."

Of the Doris Beer watercolor, he said: "It is a very expertly designed and painted transparent watercolor. There is agreeable color, a good carrying quality, and shows unusual mastery of the medium."

THE INQUIRER AND MIRROR.

NANTUCKET ISLAND, MASS.

SATURDAY MORNING.

JULY 31, 1954

Siasconset Casino Art Show.

Last Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday the Siasconset Casino held an exhibit of paintings.

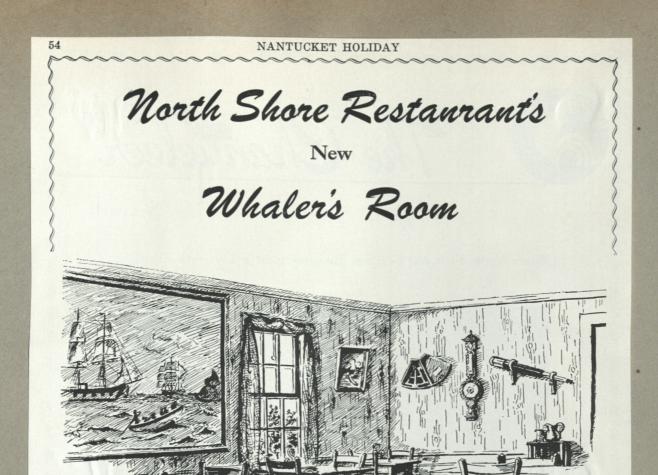
Doris and Dick Beer showed water colors that are exceptionally well handled. These two artists do not make overstatements. Their work is broad in concept and conducive to meditation.

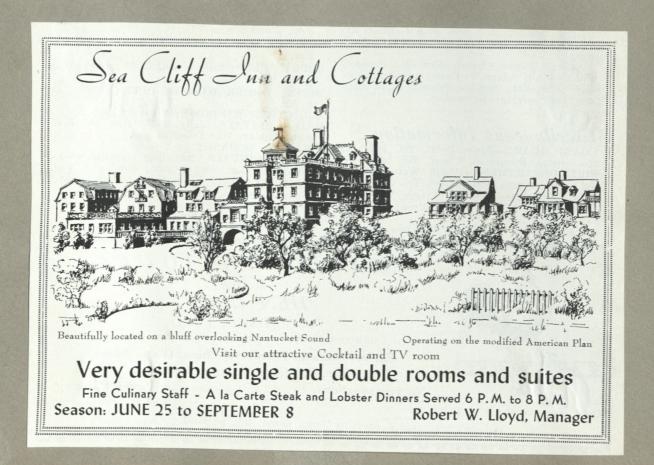
NANTUCKET TOWN CRIER FRIDAY, JULY 29, 1955

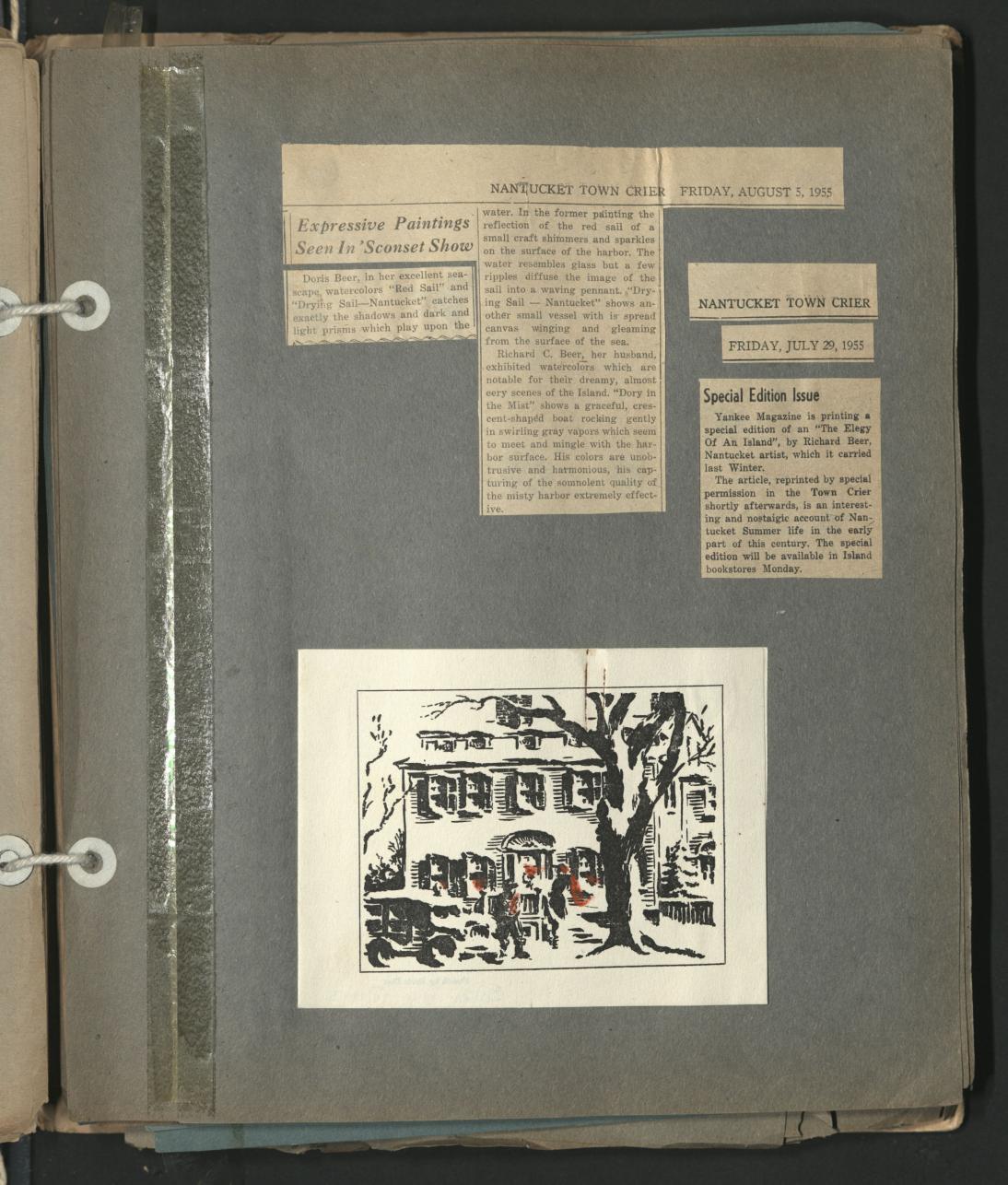
Special Edition Issue

Yankee Magazine is printing a special edition of an "The Elegy Of An Island", by Richard Beer, Nantucket artist, which it carried last Winter.

The article, reprinted by special permission in the Town Crier shortly afterwards, is an interesting and nostaigic account of Nantucket Summer life in the early part of this century. The special edition will be available in Island bookstores Monday.







Nantucket Town Crier

Friday, May 25, 1956

Nantucket's Increased Popularity Due To Big Strides In Transportation, Artist Says

What puts an Island "on the map?" What changes it from just being somebody's home into a place that's become a byword for easygoing Summer vacationing, and incidentally, a spot that somehow seems to loosen up one's creative talent.

Well, Richard C. Beer, an artist who lives with his wife, Doris, in a studio on Old North Wharf, suspects he knows at least part of the answer. He should. He visited Nantucket first at the age of three back in 1898 and has been a regular Summer resident ever since the early 30's.

His theory on the Island's popularity hinges on the long strides of transportation that date from the early 20's. Thanks in part to Henry Ford, distances became smaller, enabling people to look farther afield when the "annual two weeks" rolled around. Then, too, train lines were extended and now air travel is as common as taking the subway in Boston or New York.

Until travel became so much easier, he points out, Summer people here largely represented families that looked on the Island as a second home. They had owned their houses on the Island for years and were, as the expression has it "a substantial type." Mr. Beer notes that in recent years visitors seem to fit into catagory best described as "weekenders"-in by plane Friday night and out the same way by Sunday night which makes Nantucket next door with 55 minutes flying time from New York and a bare 30 from Boston.

"Yes," Mr. Beer recalls, ausently fitting a cigarette into a holder as he gazes across the restless waters of the Old North Wharf from the second floor of his studio, "Once transportation became easier Nantucket became a Summer resort."

Whether the change has been entirely for the better, he does not say. But he admits a certain amount of expansion and change are incumbent on progress. How much? Well, that's anybody's opinion.

Except for 15 years or so Mr. Beer has been on the Island Summers all the time. A decade was spent in the US Consular Service where he completed tours of duty in Canada, Cuba, London, Paris and Budapest. For several seasons that he was away from here he and his wife painted in various parts of the United States, including Arizona and Louisiana. "But I still prefer New England," he concludes.

Both he and his wife have worked with oil, but now work exclusively with watercolors. They have a marked preference for the representational and seem to prefer the graceful sweep of the seagull to a still life floral arrangement. At the moment he and his wife are exhibiting in the Munson Galleries in New Haven.

She's painted all her life. For many years she did art work with the theater in New York and Newport. Both of them come from New York.

Sixteen years ago they took over their present studio "Wharfhead" which they remodeled into a gallery to exhibit their work. In the rear are attractive, comfortable living quarters. At one time they had a studio in Sconset.

In talking about the influx of artist and would-be artists that occurs here in the Summer, Mr. Beer chuckles softly and notes wryly, "There are about half a dozen, maybe a few more, that can be called painters."

And as for the steady, almost relentless, advances of this Island as a vacation Mecca, he allows, with a degree of finality, "You can't halt progress They've finally made Nantucket into a Summer resort,"

Island Artist Eulogized For Paintings Of Moors

By Richard Beer
The challenge of the Nantucket moors.

Anyone can write about them.
This is how A. Judd Northrup described them in 1881:

"Turn your back to the sea, and you will gaze upon something unlike anything you have seen elsewhere in this wide country-the moors! Is this little Island, after all, an excerpt from bonnie old Scotland?—a bit of her heathery moorland?-That is what the learned travelers, in their enthusiasm, say; but I don't know. The low-rolling, brown and purple hills, treeless except where ragged little pines are planted, barren of nearly everything but a wild beauty of their own, another sea, but so quiet and sombre!-the stretch and expanse as of a descended and upturned sky, cloudridged, and with a bewildering indefiniteness "

That may give you an idea of what the moors are like. If it doesn't, this noble bit of verse, dating from 1917, should:—

"On the wide, wild moor alone, just at even',

With wild roses adorn'd and garnished with gold,

Mid the grandeur of Nature, so wild and resplendent,

Where the daisies and sweet brown-eyed Susans unfold

"As I wend my way o'er it, I feel 'tis intrusion

To on the sweet verdure so ruthlessly tread.

The birds with their nestlings are all in confusion.

The wild rose its petals in my pathway sheds!

"As I stand on its border, it unfolds before me,

A vast ocean of verdure and flowers so gay,

Unending, till meeting the distant horizon,

The skyline of blue meets the sand's silvery gray!"

Never mind the split infinitive. The point is that the moors have a quality which has been inspiring writers, and poets,—including Bliss Carman,—ever since Nantucket became a Summer resort. So you can read description after description of them.

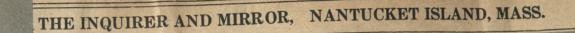
But when it comes to the graphic arts, there is a blank as big as a barn door. Why? Ask any practicing artist.

The answer is that the moors aren't easy to paint. It isn't even easy to photograph them with any adequate results. They defy the lens as they do the brush.

Have you ever seen a painting that caught the roll and sweep of the land as you look down on it from Altar Rock? Have you ever seen the mutations of green in Happy Valley on canvas? Have you ever seen the effect of fog drifting across Saul's Hills? For that matter, have you ever seen in oil or any medium, the startling deep blue of a moor pond?

Just one artist successfully met the challenge of the moors. Fifty years ago Annie Barker Folger managed, somehow, to convey in her small pastels the sense of great space, the elusive blending of colors and the feeling of hills folding into one another. But her work has long since vanished into private collections.

So it can be done. And the unique moors, where sheep once grazed and upon which "progress" is slowly encroaching, wait to be recorded. The rutted roads, the orange-bellied hawks and the curious wildnerness of bayberry and scrub-oak are still there. But where are the artists?



SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 7, 1956

The Mystery of the Moors.

In the days when surreys crawled over them, they were an adventure. Nantucket horses, with few exceptions, were a special breed. Most of them had hocks like Percherons, and none of them had ever heard of Nashua, though some of them may have heard of Dan Patch. But they had no desire to emulate him.

Batted several times with a whip, they would accelerate into what might be very roughly described as a trot, a pace they would maintain for approximately two or three hundred feet. Then they would subside into their natural gait, which was a ruminative walk not much faster than a Jersey cow's moving on to a fresh bit of pasturage. In other words, "they were born tired and never got rested". So, if you recklessly hired a fringetopped conveyance in 'Sconset Square, it would take you the better part of an hour before you were fairly out on the moors.

Altar Rock, in that era, was just as high as it is today, and you could sit up there and absorb the whole placid panorama-the few houses in Polpis, the windmill at the old 'Sconset golf club, the red-and-white splinter of Sankaty Light-then in charge of Mr. Remsen. And you could actually follow the progress of the brown caterpillar train of the Nantucket Central Railroad as it crept around the south shore of the island. And the breeze blew the indefinable, mingled scents f the moors up to ladies, who would igh and say, "Why, look! You can sec he dome of the clock tower from here!"

No planes disturbed the utter stillness—nothing but the plod of hooves on the soft road and the creak of harness.

There were solid hillsides of mealieberry - not marred by jeep-tracks. There were plover, quail, and contemplative owls who didn't give a hoot for horses. In those days you could see gophers - prairie dogs, as dramatized by Mr. Disney in "The Living Desert"-perched sentinel fashion on top of their burrow mounds. And there was no hurry. If you started out at three and drove around by Sachacha Pond, it would be dusk with the moon coming up by the time your driver dropped you at the 'Sconset post office with an armload of wild flowers and an uneasy feeling you had acquired a couple of ticks.

That would be back around 1903. But there is still no hurry on the moors, and they haven't changed. The same serene hills, threaded by the same wandering roads, roll and blend into one of the loveliest landscapes left in these changing United States.

Well, two years ago, a business man from Detroit came to the island for the first time. He was charmed by the moors and spent the greater part of his vacation roaming over them. When he wasn't doing that, he was searching the studios of Nantucket's art colony for a painting—any adequate painting of the moors that he could take home with him.

He couldn't find one, and that's the mystery. Why is it that the celebrated Nantucket moors, with their infinite variety of color and contour, go unpainted?

Nantucket Town Crier

Friday, June 8, 1956

"Yankee" Magazine Features Nantucket.

The July issue of "Yankee" Magazine bears on its cover a sketch of the corner of Main and Orange Streets. A feature article within the covers of the little magazine tells the story of "Nine Miles of Railroad", written by Richard C. Beer, and illustrated with reproduction of pictures of Nantucket's once famous, long extinct railroad.

This is the second article written for "Yankee" by Mr. Beer, whose well-written story on the late Austin Strong appeared several months

The cover, we believe, is the work of Mrs. Beatrix Sagendorph, wife of the editor and publisher of "Yankee" While picturing Orange Street as cobbled, it is a clever concept of the corner and is printed in brick red and blue against the white background of the cover.

HONORABLE

HOWORABLE MENTION

Doris Deer " Death of Uld Cat "

Good tonal and design structure.

Robert b. campbell

THE INQUIRER AND MIRROR, NANTUCKET ISLAND, MASS.

SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 20, 1955

Art Notes

Last Monday at the Gala Evening festivities at Kenneth Taylor Galleries prize-winning pictures were announced and the names of fortunate patrons were selected and their choices made known.

In Group "A" in the Lower Gallery

'. Honorable Mention was awarded for Doris Beer's water color "Old Cat" NANTUCKET TOWN CRIER FRIDAY, AUGUST 12, 1955

Interesting And Varied Paintings Vy
For Prizes In Artist-Patron Shows

Receiving honorable mention awards in Group A were Doris Beer's dreamy beach scene, "Death of Old Cat,"

Doris Beer's watercolor "Death of Old Cat" shows the artist's excellent handling of delicate light and shadow and her husband Richard Beer, displays similar technique with "Nocturne," depicting a solitary dory rocking slowly in a harbor under a cloud shrouded moon,



HONORABLE MENTION

Doris Beer "Old Skiff"

Good watercolor in the traditional

manner and having a poetic character.

Simple and direct with a quality

of refinement.

Robert B. Campbell

THE INQUIRER AND MIRROR, NANTUCKET ISLAND, MASS.

SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 20, 1955

was likewise honored for her "Old Skiff".

NANTUCKET TOWN CRIER FRIDAY, AUGUST 19, 1955

At Gala Night

Doris Beer's charming watercolor "Old Skiff" received Class B honorable mention awards.

Some excellent watercolors are Doris Beer's "Old Skiff" and "Old South Ship" and Richard Beer's "Dory In A Mist" and "Sunset." THE INQUIRER AND MIRROR, NANTUCKET ISLAND, MASS.

SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 25, 1956

The Gala Evening of the Artist-Patron Show was much enjoyed last Monday evening, August 20. Mr. Davidson and Mr. Beer were masters of ceremony. Josephine Hall, soprano, accompanied by Marguerite Fordyce, sang a group of spirituals which were an invitation in themselves to attend Miss Hall's recital at Bennett Hall, August 30th. Mr. Beer then invited Miss Holdgate to draw the lucky Patron winners' slips from a blue glass bowl. After the Patrons had made their selections of paintings the awards of merit were made by Mr. Charles Aiken who made the decisions.

There were two \$100 awards and two \$50 awards for merit, four \$100 patron's choice awards and six \$50 patron's choice awards. Nantucket artists received \$1,000 for their art chosen in this exhibition (and there will be \$400 more for the "Moor" contest awards), aside from the honor and satisfaction involved, for artists, patrons, and general public.

The Patrons' choices were: Anne Stevens' "Mary Tapper" by Cora Stevens, Elizabeth Saltonstall's "Strange Column", chosen by Mrs. Charles E. Satler; Philip Hicken's "Penobscot Coast" by Miss Florence Schepp, Margaret Bull's "Autumn Fruits" by Mr. Everett U. Crosby; Elizabeth Saltonstall's "Two Fishermen" by Miss Rawson; Barbara Melendy's "Shells and Seaweed" by Mrs. A. E. Marshall, Edith Beach's "Hawaiian Fish" by Mr. Alex E. Hoyle; Richard Beer's "Lost Buoy" by Mrs. Robert Stark; Mrs. Stark's "November", by Mrs. Crosby. Mrs. Clapp passed up to the next patron her lucky number when it was drawn because she had already had luck in a former Artist-Patron Plan drawing.

PATRONS

THE INQUIRER AND MIRROR, NANTUCKET ISLAND, MASS.

JRDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 1, 1956

The last big event of the season at the Kenneth Taylor Galleries is the judging and hanging of the work submitted to the jury in the Prize Contest begun this year in order to aug-

ment the permanent collection of work owned by the Gallery. Each year a different subject will be chosen pertaining to Nantucket. The year's subject is "The Moors". Mrs. Ethel Schwabacker and Mr. Nathaniel Pousette-Dart were the judges. The exhibition will be open to the public from August 28th through September 2. There were three \$100 awards and one double award to the best of the three. Mrs. Edith Beach received the double award for her painting, "Hills of Shimmo", Charlotte Kimball received an award for her "Moors", and Louis Davidson, for his photograph of the "Moors". Nine honorable mentions were given: to Charles Shaw for "Edge of Darkness". Harriet Lord for "Rain Pools", Peter Kerr for "Wauwinet Road", Barbara Melendy for "Early Morning", Wayne Chatfield-Taylor for "Root Pond No. 1", Louise Stark for "Winter Moors" Richard C. Beer, for "Moors", Ruth H. Sutton for "Shimmo Hills", and Dick Williams for his photograph "Over the Moors".

HONORABLE

E. G

TRENTON SUNDAY TIMES - ADVERTISER,

SUNDAY, MARCH 10, 1957

Arson Goodman

Goeth Golden

Show Water Colors These are large and small water colors by two people who have Of Husband, Wife painted and shown on the Atlantic coast from Maine to Florida, and NEW HOPE — Crest Antiques is holding an ehibition this month of 1936 Mr. and Mrs. Beer have mainthe water colors of Doris and Richard Beer at their galleries on Route 202, here.

ART REVIEW

THE ART REVIEW

Watercolor Show Is Disappointing

The feature artists at the Crest Antiques Gallery on Route 202 since mid-March have been Doris and Richard Beer whose work will be on display until April 10.

The husband and wife show features 15 watercolors, mostly seascapes, of which 6 have been already sold, according to Crest manager Edwards.

For the most part, the work of both artists leaves a great deal to be desired. They are so alike in style and treatment, that only the signatures distinguish the work of husband and wife, which, in both cases, shows very poor composition treatment, relation of space and form, and color considerations

Beers' Work

Is Peaceful

New Hope are making a contri-

bution to art in the small gal-

lery they have opened in the

little log cabin on Mechanic

Street where they are showing

In this reviewer's estimation, the only saving feature about the Beers' work is their employment of white in the com-positions — which they both handle with great freedom and relaxation, somewhat in the manner of many Japanese prints.

One lonely exception to an otherwise sterile showing is 'The Marsh' by Dorothy Beer, in which her gentle handling of color tones shows a genuine understanding of her subject which is universally lacking in the other offerings.

THE NEW HOPE GAZETTE Thursday, December 19, 1957

lay, April 4, 1957

apparently up, with pubplays

Howard Lindsay Bruce Lockwood Corinne Lowe Joan Lowell Tom Maloney James Michener Yenry Miller bert Muir re McCardell *cCook

Russ Arthur Delight A David Appe Richard C. Be Dr. John Bell Evelyn Berckman. Russell Van Nest B. Gertrude Blair Paul Bowles Blake Gilpin Bowman H. Wieand Bowman Millen Brand Edward Brigg Frances B

Edward Hicks Magill Lenore G. Marshall Margaret Mead

CGoldrick

their paintings. There's no conflict in their works, no call to arms, no soulshattering message of worldcrisis-transition, none of the impact of history-in-the-making that infringes even upon art-trends today, and it is a tremendous boon to find a cabinfull of pictures that reflect instead, the basic, yet so easily forgotten, serenity and beauty and peace and promise in our world.

The Beers are both artistsit's as simple as that. They love to paint, they have a special gift for translating, pictorially, the evanescent loveliness of

Cornelius Vanderbilt Martin G. Vorhaus, M. D. Horatio Walker P. A. Waring Charles Wells Glenway Wescott Miriam E. West

sea and sky and shore-line in their medium of watercolor, and they have the courage to give free play to the qualities of imagination and sentiment and charm in their work.

It seems to have succeeded Dorris and Richard Cameron for them. In the twenty years Beer of Nantucket Island and that they have painted together, they're sold 15,552 pictures, and

they still have oodles of paintings to show now, gift-card sized Nantucket scenes and larger paintings.

Page Eleven

Nathanael West John Wexsley William L. White John Greenleaf Whittier Kurt Wiese Keith Winter Victor Wolfson

TRENTON SUNDAY TIMES - ADVERTISER,

SUNDAY, MARCH 10, 1957

NEW HOPE — Crest Antiques is as far West as Tucson, Ariz, Since holding an ehibition this month of 1936 Mr. and Mrs. Beer have mainthe water colors of Doris and tained a studio on Old North Warf Richard Beer at their galleries on in Nantucket, Mass., where they Route 202, here. Route 202, here.

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Lenore G. Marshall Margaret Mead

James Michener

Claire McCardell

F. T. McClintock

Kenyon Nicholson

George Papashvily Helen Papashvily Dorothy Parker

Col. Henry Paxson

Joseph D. McGoldrick

Henry Miller Robert Muir

Don McCook

Charles Nash

John O'Reilly

Mary Paxson

Alfred Petrie

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Roy McKie

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Thursday, April 4, 1957

Final Writers List

The listing of 'local' authors -past and present—apparently has finally been closed up, with the number of writers of published books, produced plays and movies standing at 173.

The idea—as well as the rules of eligibility and the area covered—has grown gradually over several weeks 'since Kenyon Nicholson's Delaware Bookshop display in the Co-op windows some weeks ago.

If you want to save it, this is the last time we'll print the list in toto:

Louis Adamic Martha Albrand E. P. Alexander Russell Ames Arthur C. Ansley Delight Ansley David Appel Richard C. Beer Dr. John Bell Evelyn Berckman Russell Van Nest Black Gertrude B'air Paul Bowles Blake Gilpin Bowman H. Wieand Bowman Millen Brand Edward Brigg Frances B

Pearl Bu-Arthur Edwin Bye Helen Campbell Alfred Campbell John R. Carson Whittaker Chambers Henry Chapin William McK. Chapman Martha Cheney Sheldon Cheney Jerome Chodorov Lester Cohn Joan Colbrook Morris Llewellyn Cooke James Fennimore Cooper Will Cotton Dr. George Counts James Gould Cozzens Paul Cranston Gen. W. W. H. Davis Frederick C. Davis Knickerbacker Davis Charles Dawson Louis Dottini Jack Dunphy George Dyer Jeannette Eaton Paul Ernst Laurie York Erskine Edward Fenton Joseph Fields Dr. Peter Fireman Constance Foster Jacques L. Francine Harry Franck Rachel Franck Helen Furnas J. C. Furnas Wanda Gag Paul Gallico Jean Garrigue Emile Gauvreau Lincoln Gillespie

Jon Gnagy Augustus Goetz Ruth Goetz Clinton S. Golden Daniel Carson Goodman Robert Graves Dorothy Grider Alan Gruskin Harry Haenigsen Oscar Hammerstein Georgiana Brown Harbeson John Harriman Moss Hart Josephine Herbst Justin Herman Harold Hersey John D. Hess Felix Holt William Hubben Frazier Hunt Dunlea Hurley Ann Hawkes Hutton Dr. Harold Hyman Schuyler Jackson Robert Jones George S. Kauffman Ruth Kaufman Clark Kinnaird Jack Kirkland Aruthur Koestler Eric Knight Stanley Kunitz James Leftwich Emily Leith-Ross Harry Leith-Ross Deborah Laine Lawrence Lessing E. J. Lever Dr. Bertram D. Lewin

Beers' Work Is Peaceful Ernest K. Lindley Howard Lindsay Bruce Lockwood Corinne Lowe bution to art in the small gal-Joan Lowell

THE

ART REVIEW

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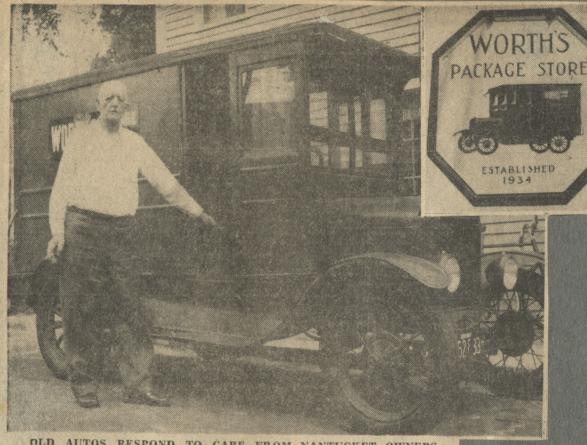
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THE NEW HOPE GAZETTE Thursday, December 19, 1957

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Page Eleven

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OLD AUTOS RESPOND TO CARE FROM NANTUCKET OWNERS -

The 1925 Model T Ford is owned by James T. Worth, 78, left, another island native. Following a boyhood job

on Roland H. Coffin's Siasconset farm for \$2 a week including board and room, Mr. Worth worked as a meatcutter for 22 years, also delivered orders, for the R. E. Burgess Company. For 15 years, he was a truant officer and for 20 years a ticket collector in the island theater. When the Sankaty Head Lighthouse still burned oil, Mr. Worth served as lighter for one year, rode a horse to the light. A trucking-firm owner for 10 years, he has been owner of a package store in recent years. He's owned the Model T for nine years, bought it from a Summer resident, and is so fond of the car he used it as a theme in a sign painted for his package store, inset. Parts for the car are becoming more and more rare, however, and Mr. Worth has to send away for them.



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THE INQUIRER AND MIRROR, NANTUCKET, MASS.

SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 26, 1957.

Television Photographic Team Expose 1,500 Feet of Film.

Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Munns of the Bill Burrud Productions, of Hollywood, were on Nantucket this past weekend taking over 1,500 feet of color film for the nationally syndicated show titled "Vagabond." The shots Mr. Munns took will be part of a travel film including historic Boston, Sturbridge, Mystic, Plymouth, and Nantucket.

The TV team were most pleased to be on the island out of season for it gave them an opportunity to concentrate more easily on the historic aspect of Nantucket rather than on summer activities.

In company with Bert Whitehill, Chamber of Commerce manager, Mr. and Mrs. Munns were on location from "dawn to dark" and covered nearly all sections of the island in gathering their variety of material not only for the film but for the narrator as well.

They secured what should be some fine shots of the moors and the harbor and many of our landmarks including the Old Mill, Oldest House, Quaker Meeting House, numerous widow's -walks, Sankaty Light, the South Church watch tower, several ship figureheads, and many old homes of special historic interest.

They were especially pleased to film the Maria Mitchell observatory where Dr. Dorritt Hoffleit opened the dome of the observatory and demonstrated the use of the telescopes and made sunspots visible for filming.

Doris and Dick Beer were caught at work on watercolors as was José Reyes making a lightship basket. Several surfcasters were filmed at Surfside but unfortunately no one landed a "big one." Several blue heron out at Sesachacha Pond were much more accommodating.

A visit that Mr. and Mrs. Munns said they will long remember was paid on Dr. Will Gardner who very kindly filled in considerable background information for the narration to accompany the picture.

While on the island Mr. and Mrs. Munns were guests both of Mr. Lindley of Four Chimneys and Mrs. Tutein of the Wood Box.

Mr. Whitehill is hopeful that some arrangements can be made for the island to acquire a print of the sections of the film that will picture Nantucket. He will have later information from Hollywood as to whether this can be worked out with the production studio and the sponsor of the program.

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P. O. Box 29 NANTUCKET ISLAND. MASSACHUSETTS

THE STANDARD-TIMES, NEW BEDFORD, MASS., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1957

Picturesque Nantucket Spots Filmed for Television Show

Special to The Standard-Times

NANTUCKET, Oct. 25—A weeklong project in which the historic
and beauty spots of this island
were filmed in color, has been
completed. The movies will be
produced on a color travelogue
television show to be broadcast
throughout the nation late this
Fall.

The filming of the interesting
spots on the island was done by
Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Munns, representatives of the Bill Burrud
Productions of Hollywood. The
title of the coming production is
"Vagabond," and in addition to
showing shots of Nantucket, it will
present scenes from Plymouth,
Boston, Sturbridge and Mystic,
Conn. Approximately 1,500 feet of
color film was used on Nantucket.

Guide Is Provided

Mr. and Mrs. Munns, aided and

Tower, several ship figureheads
and many old homes of special historical interest.
With the co-operation of Dr.
Dorritt Hoffleit, director of the
Maria Mitchell Observatory, Mr.
and Mrs. Munns filmed the observatory with the dome open,
demonstrated the use of the telescopes and made sunspots visible
for filming.

In the action shots they caught
Doris and Dick Beer a work on
watercolors and Jose Reyes making a Nantucket Lightship basket.
Moving to the beachfront, they
filmed the surfcasters at Surfside
seeking the blues and the big bass
and fishing enthusiasts at Sachacha Pond.

Given Narration Material
Dr. Will Gardner gave Mr. and
Mrs. Munns considerable background information for the narration which will accompany the

Boston, Sturbridge and Mystic, Conn. Approximately 1,500 feet of color film was used on Nantucket.

Guide Is Provided

Mr. and Mrs. Munns, aided and guided by Bert Whiteshill, local Chamber of Commerce manager, were on location from dawn to dark to get the shots they wanted under the conditions they desired. They took fine shots of the moors, the picturesque harbor and many of the landmarks on the island, including widow walks, the Old Mill, the Oldest House, Quaker Meeting House, Sankaty Head Light, the South Church Watch



THE INQUIRER AND MIRROR, NANTUCKET, MASS.

SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 9, 1958.



Art Notes

Awards seemed to be on everyone's mind at the Kenneth Taylor Galleries on Straight Wharf this week. Sunday afternoon the Off-Island Subjects Contest reached its fateful hour with the disclosure of the three winners of the Popular Choice Awards: Doris Riker Beer, Paul Crosthwaite, and Andrew Shunney.

Tuesday evening saw the Gala Preview of the Artists-Patrons Show, at which Peter Kerr, President of the Association, presided. Mr. Kerr introduced Mrs. E. Kirk Haskell who directed organization of the 1958 Plan Committee. The 1957 roster of 40 patrons has been broadened this year to include \$20 subscribers and now includes 109 patrons, contributing \$3,790 before the current show.

The lots entitling lucky patrons to their choice of the works exhibited were drawn by Mrs. Peter Kerr. Cora Stevens won First Door Prize and chose through a proxy Doris Beer's "Across the Slip" a triangular water-color composition of three boats against a background of wharf and the Unitarian church tower, carried out in soft greys and pastels.

NANTUCKET TOWN CRIER

Variety Of Taste Revealed In Judges' And Patrons' Selections At Art Awards

Miss Cora Stevens was the first door prize winner. Attending in her place, Mrs. Leroy True selected Across the Slip by Doris Riker Beer as her first choice painting. Mrs. Beer's watercolor showed a view of Old North Wharf backed by the Unitarian Church tower softly executed in gray and pastel tones.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 8, 1958

Results of the popular vote for the preceding show of off-Island subjects painted by members of the Artists Association were announced at a party at the Galleries Sunday to honor the exhibiting artists. Viewers voted Mrs. Beer's watercolor of Two Punts on the Delaware as the best in the show.

Many Interesting Exhibits At Sidewalk Art Show.

The 1958 Sidewalk Art Show is now a matter of history, but the many interesting exhibits deserve a detailed analysis.

In the watercolor section, the Beers, Richard and Doris, had their well-known miniatures of Nantucket and their larger poetic pictures of boats and dunes and water.



Gallery Show Prize Winners Named by Judges.

Names of the three prize-winners in the current Subject Show at the Kenneth Taylor Gallery were made known on Tuesday, August 19th, at the opening reception. Judges Mrs. John Lucas and Sandy Sutherland selected Elwyn Chamberlain, Doris Riker Beer annd Andrew Shunney for the honors. The annual competition, this year restricted to scenes of the Nantucket waterfront, harbor and ponds, will hang in the main building through August 31st.

Mrs. Beer's prize-winning "Old North Slip," a watercolor, is a charming lightfilled painting of boats and their reflections against a background of mist-enwrapped wharf. The movement of the colors through the water, the suggestion of texture and shadow in the draped folds of the lowered sails are beautifully rendered.

NANTUCKET HOLIDAY

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED ON NANTUCKET

Nantucket's Only Privately Operated Beach Facility

CLIFFSIDE BEACH CLUB



THE INQUIRER AND MIRROR, NANTUCKET, MASS.

FRIDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 28, 1958



The cut that made its appearance at the head of Waterfront News last week, was worked out by Doris Beer. It shows the bow of the sloop "Argonaut," laying at Old South Wharf and the cat boat "Gay Head." The "Argonaut" was launched just 20 years ago last July from the boat shop of Clovis Mazerolle, then over on Commercial Wharf. Doris and Dick decided to ride out the winter here, and are living over at Mrs. Gilpatrick's house on Orange Street.

FRIDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 21,



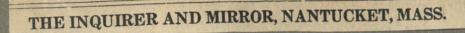
THE CONGDON HOUSE on Orange Street, built, circa 1772, for Daniel Jones. First brick house on the island. This house checked the spread of the Great Fire which occurred in 1846.

© D. & R. Beer

FRIDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 5, 1958



GABLED HOUSES on Orange Street — the street with the homes of over 100 sea captains throughout a period of 100 years.
© D. & R. Beer



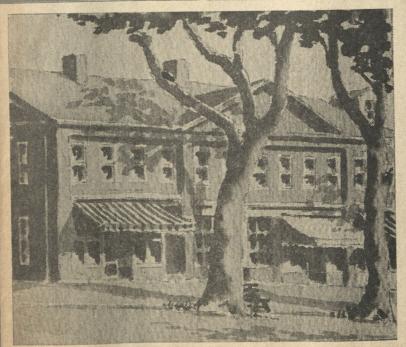
FRIDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 12, 1958







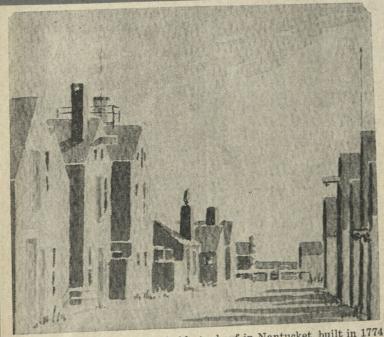
FRIDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 12, 1958



THE CORNER AT PETTICOAT ROW and Main Street, originally known as Parker's Corner, built 1846 following the Great Fire.

© D. & R. Beer

FRIDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 26, 1958

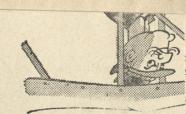


OLD NORTH WHARF. Third oldest wharf in Nantucket, built in 1774 by 33 persons, owning a total of 3,382 shares. In early times it was known as "Burdette's Wharf." It was later used by fishermen, who had their shanties on adjoining water lots.

© D. & R. Beer

FRIDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 28, 1958

PAGE THREE



sea and make snug the waters near is necessary to break the force of the across from cove mouth to shore, as tended as far out into the sea, or These buttresses of logs are ex-

poses quite a structural problem. tide drop can be up to 20 feet, this case of the Bay of Fundy, where the building as high as necessary. In the by two at right angles, and continued method of two logs one way, crossed during childhood. They used this has built "pig sties" out of dominoes ture of a log cabin. Most everyone

Everyone is familiar with the structhe rocks during stormy homecomings. ities without being dashed against could pursue their cod fishing activsafe harbors for their ships so they used these natural resources to make Yet the brave settlers of that coast is plenty of forests and rocky shores. At first glance all they seem to have

made harbors available under rugged waters by which the Canadians have conscious of the wharves and breakand to the Gaspé Peninsula one is the shores of the St. Lawrence River All through Nova Scotia and along

Make Nova Scotia Harbors Wharves and Breakwaters

going on upstairs we found the doll called "Jumbo," on the first floor, and After seeing the stuffed elephant, Museum in Boston by Jamaica Pond. I took my youngsters to the Children's Years ago, I had a surprise when

as the saying goes. weeks. "A good time was had by all," Mrs. Fee and Mrs. Backus in recent Brownie Scouts who visited there with child, as witness the happy first-year

shop which can mean so much to a a delight to find such hospitatlity in a coupled with a cordial welcome. It is Best of all are the reasonable prices and all.

land grandmother, with its sea rescue peculiar appeal to the Nantucket Istells of kittens on an island and has

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Balquis Jaquqlis atnist traducity Stratt

gnignelt roueft gnitnielf

Eduard Horais

Richard C. Beer

owel over his arm so they might leanse their fingers between courses. Expensive affairs, those were. Cost you a dollar and a half apiece for ou and your young lady. But such nancial worries were forgotten when silver rim rose out of the sea, and ou huddled, sardine-fashion, in the olting wagons, murdering "Cuddle Jp a Little Closer," and similar faorites until the ride ended where the eeble oil lamp posts of 'Sconset only ccentuated the inky shadows of the illage streets, through which the 100n lay in white cross bars and the obing voices of the party died away a distant closing of screen doors. "Beach parties," so The Inquirer nd Mirror reported in 1912, "seem be all the rage this summer."

In another decade worse than that appened to them. They became fashnable. The plodding horses were relgated to limbo along with the corny" singing and the superfluous haperones. Smart hostesses of the gilded "Twenties" entertained celebities at "beach suppers," where no one worked except a white-coated buter, and a grain of sand was an inrusion among the hors d'oeuvres. The ire was for atmosphere only.

And there was a memorable occasion, notable for its size, when the ntelligentsia showed how these things should be done. Something like 250 guests were invited to gather after

Seddon W. Legg

BUY ON MANTUCKET"

Near Motion Picture Theatre SALES FORD SERVICE South Beach Street

Gordon Motor Co.

4 South Mill Street GAS FITTING PLUMBING Malph I. Bertlett & Son



FRIDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 26, 1958

Gold Is Where You Find It

By Richard C. Beer

boats, maneuvering across water as blue as the afternoon sky.

voices—alien voices on bicycle, voices sole of his soft, high-laced shoe. filled and tried to turn in the limited kindly on his white head and the parking space at the wharf's endvoices that tramped into the whar- arms of his chair. finger's shanty demanding postcards and chewing gum and information. for rent, and if so, for how much? moored boats rocking. An indignant Were any of these houses down here Where was the art colony, and which man on the opposite wharf shook his way was Madaket?

So, time and again the wharfinger had to move out of his comfortable "let 'em go it! Labor Day'll be here campchair on deck. For this was August, and the height of the season.

The retired Boston politician, planted in a similar campchair, and habitually silent, puffed at his meerschaum calabash and paid no attention. Neither did a very tall, elderly gentleman, who surveyed the world above gold-rimmed spectacles, and occasionally wasted a match on two inches of dead cigar. It didn't light, but he was consistently patient with it. Now and then, when the wharindistinguishable voice, some remark the roof and tap with his hammer like minded him of Mrs. Lee Hollins. he was workin', never drove a single

The harbor was busy with little nail, and they'd be perfectly satisfied."

The wharfinger shredded a new load of cut plug into the bowl of a pipe But minute by minute, the peace of that was practically charred ebony, Old North Wharf was disturbed by and struck a kitchen match on the Where he sat, the declining sun fell veined brown hands that lay along the

> Two outboards, piloted by shouting teen-agers, raced into the slip and out again at a pace that set the fist at them and yelled, "Hey!" uselessly.

> "Oh," the wharfinger muttered, before you know it!"

> "Who was it," the Boston politician inquired, "who brought a highpowered boat down here a few years ago? Going to bust all kinds of records with it?"

"Lee Hollins," the wharfinger answered, placidly. "Boat he had built 'specially somewheres up in New York. Wouldn't have gone to Coatue in it, myself: noise enough to drive you overboard. But Lee was braggin' one day 'bout how he could fetch finger was interrupted by another Wauwinet from here in seven minutes batch of customers, he would murmur, an ten seconds, or something. 'So,' I apparently to himself, in a gentle, says to him, 'all right, Lee! What you going to do when you get there?" that no one could catch. There were 'Course." the wharfinger added, "Lee three or four other campchairs avail- didn't have more'n six or eight mildozy, or the plumbin' lets go! Once Mrs. Lee Hollins and cats. The connection at the state of th they start on it, there's no end to it! tion, owing to his retiring manner of And leaks! Couple of women had a speech, was at first somewhat obscure. house up on Mill Hill, and that's all But we gathered by close listening old Bill Holmes did for 'em one sum- that he had once known, somewhere, mer was mend leaks. He'd get up on a cat named Marshmallow, who re-

(Continued on Page Five)

Gold is Where You Find It

Continued from Page Two

"She was," he said, "a pretty cat, black and white. Very clean, and a good mouser, Used to sleep in the store, nights, and we never had a mouse in the place when she was ithere. So we got real attached to her. We had her, oh, seven or eight years, I guess.

"But then," he continued, gravely, one morning there she was, with the side of her mouth all swelled up, meawing to beat the band. And come to find out, she'd busted one of her upper teeth, about here . . ." he indicated with a forefinger where he thought a cat's eyetooth might be. "So we didn't know what to do, whether to shoot her or what. Because there wasn't any S.P.C.A. or any sort of animal doctor on the island then.

"But old Doc Leslie, the dentist happened to come by. And he said, Why, all that tooth needs is a gold crown. Let me have her and I'll fix her up as good as new for you in no

"And he did," Jess assured us, solemnly, over his spectacles. "He had Marshmallow back at the store in an hour, all rigged out with the neatest gold crown you ever saw. Wouldn't have minded having one like it myself. Knew his business, old Doc Leslie did. Used to lecture on dentistry at Harvard."

The Boston politician removed his pipe and thoughtfully rubbed the bridge of his sharp nose. He seemed to be considering a question, but he didn't ask it. Not until Jess finally

threw the butt of his defunct cigar overboard, and began to unfold his long, stork-like legs.

Then he said, "What happened?" "Oh," Jess answered, slowly straightening himself, "the cat was ruined. Newspaper man from Boston heard the story, and took her photograph. And some summer visitors made snapshots of her. Got so that when anyone with a camera came into the store, she'd sit on the counter and lift her lip like this-" he exposed

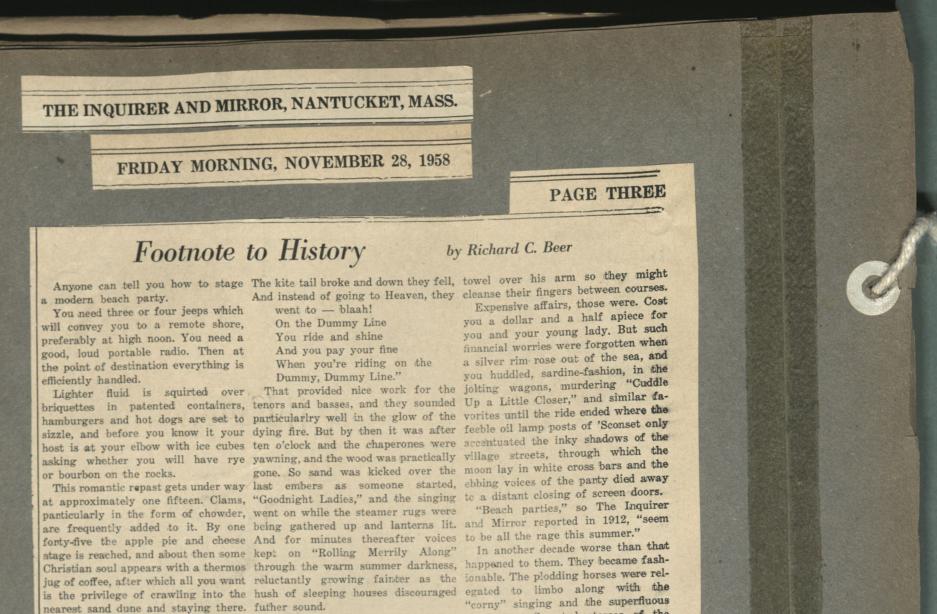
a part of his upper dentures for an instant-"and wait to have her picture taken. . . . Too bad! Just vanity! never caught another mouse!"

He looked down at us benevolently over his spectacles, and turned to leave.

"Good afternoon, gentlemen!" he murmured.

The Boston politician, with no expression whatsoever, regarded me sideways.

"Gold," he remarked, "is where you



attle or somewhere - and after that Away Kentucky Babe." in the days before jeeps.

wood would stand there in the late any attention to him.

across which hopped the disturbed 'Sconset Beach. sand fleas.

in the firelight. They all wore their television screen and he shivered vis

What happened?

illed eggs, and quantities of ginger on! ale and sarsaparilla. And when the fire died down they also ate marshmallows toasted on sticks.

And they sang.

Sugar Cane."

Bill Balley."

They sang, "On the Beautiful Isle have had nightmares.

lous verse about,

& kite.

whispers beside your ear and a drowsy jockey's teeth on edge.

sea-echo bids you sleep.

Forgotten numbers such as "My trusion among the hors d'oeuvres. The Well, no, my friend! In the first Wife's Gone to the Country, Hooray," fire was for atmosphere only.

Place you forget the Manninghams and "Under the Bamboo Tree," and And there was a memorable occa-

couldn't sleep. And the restless caval- vehicle on the island was a primi- sian origin. cade carries you on its way while you tive "Orient" buckboard which could The guests, few of whom spoke wonder what beach parties were like gasp its way in from the original Russian, planted themselves on and Well, they were like this: a languid at fully two miles an hour. Its owner waited, realizing that this was an person with a horse and cart would had a white "window-washer" dog unusual beach party.

which got under way about five heavy sand. But as soon as it was completely o'clock, would be James Coffin.

toward the beach, trailing steamer had a blonde moustache that a British one toasted marshmallows. hind them trudged the persevering more about Nantucket wild flowers in over her arm. chaperones, at least three in number. an afternoon than pages of print "Remember Jimmy Coffin?" said Someone struck a match — flames could tell you in months, and when not her mother. "Of course you do!" would lick at the piled wood, and an otherwise occupied, he taught a genorange circle of light would spread, eration of children to swim at the

True, his Victorian two-piece bath-The young ladies showed up well ing suit would be a laugh now on any hair long, and most of them had on ibly when he had to stand around white duck skirts and middy blouses, between pupils. But at some point, ("Shorts" in that gathering would just to prove his superiority to the have been a sensation.) The young elements, he would take a running gentlemen ran to turtle-neck sweaters, jump into the nearest wave and that considered masculine in those days, would be the last anyone would see and indiscriminate trousers. Some of of him for quite a while - in fact, them smoked cigarettes of brands now until watchers on the beach grew extinct. The young ladies didn't. worried. And then out on the fringe Period. Neither did the chaperones. of the nearest "rip," easily a hundred of the nearest "rip," easily a hundred yards offshore, a familiar head would Well, having consumed a normal break the surface, and any gulls dinner about three hours before, these loitering in that part of the Atlantic young people managed to eat sand- would go elsewhere, saying disgustwiches and olives and fudge and dev- edly, "Oh, it's just Jim Coffin! Come

> Which has nothing to do with his clambakes.

The persevering chaperones would be boosted up into the wagons, and They sang, "Lindy, Sweet as the the persevering horses would set off on rutted roads that meandered into They sang, "Won't You Come Home, the sunset, out toward Pocomo Head or up in the general vicinity of where the Beach Club stands now. And of Our Dreams," until Victor Herbert, from beneath fires smothered with eel who was still very much alive, must grass would appear steamed clams, and ears of sweet corn, and steamed And they sang about the Nantucket lobeters, and even chickens for those Railroad, affectionately known as the hypochondriacs with whom lobster "Dummy Line," including the hilar- didn't agree, and as the night deepened, a salient and unforgetable part "Two pickaninnies dressed in white of the picture would be Jimmy Coffin Tried to get to Heaven on the tail of moving among the ladies with a bucket of warm sea water and a fresh

'corny" singing and the superfluous Because, you argue, logically, that's That was a traditional beach party chaperones. Smart hostesses of the what beach parties are for, aren't of the early nineteen hundreds. Un- gilded "Twenties" entertained celebthey? To relax and forget the world sophisticated? Corny? Brother, they rities at "beach suppers," where no and its worries, while the beach grass sang stuff that would set a disc one worked except a white-coated butler, and a grain of sand was an in-

who have made a special effort to at- when they were relly in the groove sion, notable for its size, when the tend this party, and who are taking they would give out with, "Just Be- intelligentsia showed how these things off on a three o'clock plane for Se- cause You're You, Dear," or "Fly should be done. Something like 250 guests were invited to gather after everyone is riding out to Great Point Of course, there were great oc-dark on a commodious stretch of - no one knows why, except that it asions when a beach party turned into the South Shore. They were welcomed is part of the program and in case a clambake. Still, you must remem- by a lavish fire, too large for comyou feel mutinous, the lunatic with ber, in the era when horses were fort, near which were camped a half the radio has turned up "Wape Up, considered a legitimate means of dozen foreign gentlemen equipped Little Susie" so that an elephant transportation, and the only motor with odd stringed instruments of Rus-

'Sconset Golf Club on the Main Road against adjacent sand dunes and

appear on the beach, the horse plod- that ran barking ahead of him to After a while, by special arrangeding wearily through the heavy sand. let the slow-moving surreys know ment with the intelligentsia, the moon The cart would be loaded with boxes, that General Motors and civilization came up. Simultaneously, the stringed crates, barrels, or any sort of com- were just around the corner. But in instruments made puny, tinkling bustible material. The naked stack of those benighted days, no one paid sounds, and there emerged from down where normal, Nantucket waves were afternoon son, advertising the fact If you were young, it was far more breaking, a complete chorus of barethat a party was about to happen, important to be at the post office, footed classical dancers, clad in wispy Nothing more would transpire for an- where two teams, their beds filled chiffon costumes, and eager to uplift other three or four hours, during with straw, were loading up. That the audience in the art of the dance, which interval civilized people ate means two wagons and two pairs of even if they had to freeze to death dinner, daylightsaving time not hav- horses. And piloting the expedition, doing it, or sprain an ankle in the

The performance hasn't been redark, figures would begin to move He stood a lean six foot three and peated since on Nantucket, and no

rugs and extra coats, and various Colonel might have envied. He cap- But at a recent dinner party, where burdens such as cases of gingerale tained the Humane Society lifeboat steamed lobster was served, the hostand sarsaparilla. Also boxes of sand- on those rare occasions when it was ess' daughter, who was far too young wiches and homemade fudge and dev- ever used. His pursuits were mainly to recall any of this, passed dutifully illed eggs and bottle of olives, and agricultural, but if you ever rode among the guests, bearing a bucket marshmallows for toasting. And be- over the moors with him, you learned of warm sea water and a fresh towel

Early On Old North Wharf.

The gulls were quiet for a moment, swooping and dipping over the still water of the slip. The little old man, in his shirt sleeves and suspenders, puffed contentedly on his evil cigar. His shoulders were narrowed with age and the backs of his permanently brown hands were veined and wrinkled. He sat in a canvas camp-chair outside the one-room shack from which it was his privilege, as wharfinger, to sell fishermen's clothes, candy and post cards.

Slightly to one side, in a similar camp-chair, sat the Boston politician, stooped, elderly, and silent. He was smoking a meerschaum calabash, and nothing about him moved except his watchful eyes. The time was approximately half-past eight of an August morning. Thirty feet overhead the American flag barely swaved at the top of the wharfinger's pole. No one said anything, and you could hear the minor lap of ripples against the moored pleasure craft. In another hour the town would come alive, cars would jockey for parking space on crowded Main Street, and the inevitable overflow would trickle down Old North Wharf, with barefooted children pointing and crying, "Boat! Boat!"

No one said anything until a soaring gull shattered the peace by dropping a spider crab onto the shell-littered planking ten yards away. After the crack, the politician observed casually:

"Wonderful amount of ice cream consumed in this town. Practically every kid you see has a cone in his hand."

"Ice cream!" the wharfinger said, scornfully. He wagged his handsome white head and ran boastful thumbs under his suspenders. "Why, I've seen the time I coulda et all the ice cream they was 'twixt here and Hyannis and thought nothin' of it. Them days I coulda out-et Les Elbridge."

"Who's Les Elbridge?" the politician asked.

"Big, fat feller. Weighed close to four hundred. He'd eat thirty ears of corn at a clam-bake, same as you'd eat a piece of toast. Used to go into the drugstore most every night and buy two-three quarts of ice cream-different flavors like ginger and chocolateand take 'em home and eat 'em. Dead, now.

"Anyways, he come in handy time they was buildin' the pier up to Wauwinet. The fellers that was puttin' down spiles, they hired Les. They'd get a spile drove to where Les could set on it, and that was all they was to it. That spile'd go down as slick as goose-grease. Paid him sixty-five cents an hour, they did, just to set on spiles, and that was good money in them days

The politician's eyes, utterly expressionless, slid slowly around to mine. You couldn't hurry the wharfinger. You had to wait. and wait nd occassionally he'd ruminate alo on matters of the most distinguished unimportance—the price of harbor scallops in 1907-the quantity and value of clams that he'd barrelled in 1910and the long ago winters when he' run upstairs with a hot brick to put in his bed. Long ago, for seventy years of his life had been spent on this wharf or on the adjacent waters.

His foot, in a soft, old-fashioned, high-laced shoe, tapped the worn planking. He contemplated the remnant of his cigar, tossed it overboard, and straightway began to shave cut plug into the charred and battered bowl of a brier pipe. Across the slip two girls in white shorts dangled their legs over the bulkhead and threw bits of bread to the trim, red-beaked laughing gulls. A little to their right a camera fiend appeared and commenced fiddling with a tripod.

"But stubborn!" the wharfinger said, suddenly. "Even when you had him convinced, Les Elbridge was still stubborn! Him and Jim Doll was about the two stubbornest men I ever knew. Only Jim was always drunk, mostly. Remember him, Bill?"

The Boston politician shook his head.

"Sure, you do! Had red whiskers and sailed the Clara D. Big old catboat-big as the Lillian. Had a forty foot boom on her."

The politician shook his head again. "Well,-'fore your time, maybe. But anyways, you couldn't kill him. One in a puddle up by the Pacific Club, heavin' the bricks overboard. and the puddle froze solid around him. And they couldn't figure no way of the boy says to me. 'Is he crazy?' choppin' Jim loose from the puddle Didn't even catch cold."

The wharfinger applied a kitchen And he didn't!" match to his loaded pipe, and the air became lethal.

a couple of the boys, and here come the shadowy interior. Jim Doll in the Clara D. with a load days, most of the haulin' was done by sideways. boat, and this brick was goin' into the chimney of a house that some summer wasn't it?" he said. people was buildin' up at Wauwinet.

"Well, the tide was with him, about night he laid down and went to sleep a hundred yards offshore, Jim begun

"'What in hell's he doin' that fer?'

"'No,' I says, 'he ain't crazy. He's without hurtin' him. So they carted just drunk and stubborn. He worked him and the puddle over to the gas that stunt yesterday with a load of works and thawed him out of it. Ordi- shingles, and they all floated ashore. nary man's died of pneumonia. But So he thinks the bricks'll do the same not Jim. Next day he was walkin' up thing. And he won't stop till every Main Street, chipper as you please. last brick is outa that boat. Now you wait and see what I tell you . . .

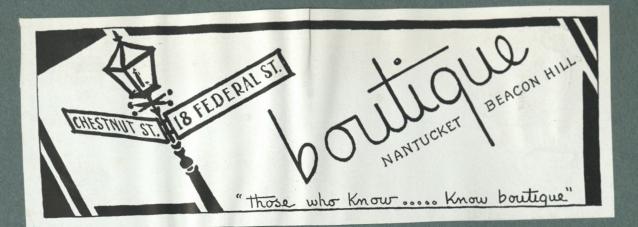
On the heels of that word, there within five feet of him immediately was a sandy scrape of feet inside the shack and a voice called, "Anyone "But what I started to tell you was here?" The wharfinger rose, without about the time I was up harbor with haste, and made his dignified way into

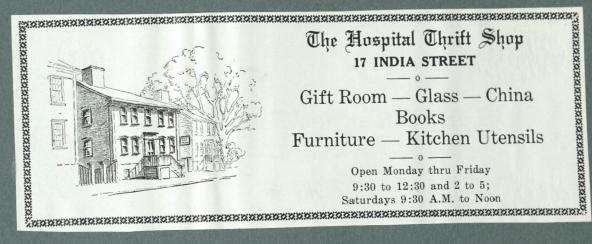
The politician shifted the pipe stem of brick aboard. See, back in them out of his mouth, and looked at me

"Worth coming down early for,

Richard C. Beer







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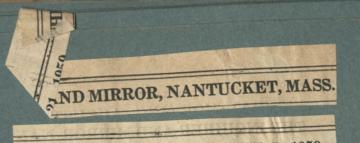
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1659 NANTUCKET 1959
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FRIDAY MORNING, AUGUST 7, 1959

Wharf.

Wharfhead Studio Has Charm Among the paintings exhibited in the "Group of Nantucket Artists"

show at the Lobster Pot Gallery last

week were several water color scenes by local artist Doris Riker Beer.

These are only a few of a note-

worthy collection by Mrs. Beer and her late husband, Richard Beer,

which are on daily exhibit at the Wharfhead Studio on Old North

Mr. and Mrs. Beer owned and operated the Wharfhead Studio together for 18 years before Mr. Beer's death this spring. Located in a delightful spot with a wonderful view of the harbor, the second floor studio features a host of water colors mounted for exhibition purposes against a background of weathered wood. This rustic atmosphere enhanced by attractive chairs and tables and several green plant arrangements combine to make a charming studio. Among the water colors on view are representations of Nantucket dunes, misty ship scenes, and reflections, for which Mr. Beer was especially well known, and Main Street facades and other Nantucket points of interest. A copyrighted series of miniatures, picturing streets, houses, and wharves about the island, has been featured at the Beer Studio for over eight years. Doris Beer did the

FRIDAY MORNING, AUGUST 7, 1959

At Artist-Patron Show

ond award in this class went to Mrs. John W. Grout, who picked Doris Beer's "Low Tide." The third name

Patron's Choice

DAY MORNING, JULY 31, 1959

w England's Yankee Magazine Features Nantucket

The late Richard C. Beer was the author of the second article about Nantucket, the story of Augustus E. Folger, known as "Whale Oil Gus" and a real old Nantucket character. It is illustrated with a photograph of "Gus" at the wheel of the "Charles W. Morgan."

and New York City.

FRIDAY MORNING, JULY 10, 1959

Kenneth Taylor Gallery Exhibit Features "Off-Island Subjects"

art work for several of the special features heads in this newspaper. In addition to the marvelous col-

lection of scenes identifiable with the

island, Mrs. Beer has several folders of water color interpretations of

landscapes and buildings in Florida,

Arizona, and New Orleans where she

and her husband traveled and showed

some of their work. These paintings

have also been exhibited in Boston

Kenneth Taylor Gallery Fy Features "Off-Island Subjects"

(Continued from Page One) oils, two artists are showing water colors. Doris Beer is showing a Florida water seene, striking for its peacefulness, and an unusual-for-her scene, 'Vieux Carré" in New Orleans. John

FRIDAY MORNING, AUGUST 21, 1959

30th Annual Sidewalk Art Show Was Tops This Year

ago. Among the water colors are the beautiful Nantucket miniatures by the Beers and the poetic and superbly painted boats by Doris Beer. Robert

admi



NDAY STAR-BULLETIN, JANUARY 31, 1960

Connlulu Star-Bulletin

Doris Riker Beer

The John Young Gallery is showing water colors by Doris Riker Beer, visiting Massachusetts artist.

In most of her paintings, Mrs. Beer makes an adroit use of empty space; she can put a few details on a blank piece of paper and conjure up a background of sky or water.

"Blue Skiff" and "Buoys" fill the picture with atmosphere by means of their skillful placing. "Brown Skiff" is enlivened with touches of bright color Mrs. Beer obviously loves people who love boats) and "Yellow Outrigger," with its rhythmical reflection, makes an additional abstract design.

"St. Augustine's Church" employs a sure and finished technique for an affectionate rendering of a quaint Waikiki landmark.

"The Wall," in contrast to the boat scenes, completely covers the paper, and bases its careless warmth on superb draughtsmanship.

STAR-BULLETIN, JANUARY 24, 1960

The ARTS

EDITED BY CARL WRIGHT-



"Moilii Fishing," by Doris Riker Beer, is among exhibits in a one-man show of water colors by the visiting Massachusetts artist now on display in the John Young Gallery. Mrs. Beer, who maintains the Wharfhead Studio in Nantucket with her husband, Richard Cameron Beer, has exhibited frequently in New York and Boston galleries.—Stc r-Bulletin Photo.

water colors by the visiting Massachusetts artist now on display in the John Young Gallery. Mrs. Beer, who maintains the Wharfhead Studio in Nantucket with her husband, Richard Cameron Beer, has exhibited frequently in New York and Boston galleries.—Star-Bulletin Photo.

THE INQUIRER AND MIRROR, NANTUCKET, MASS.

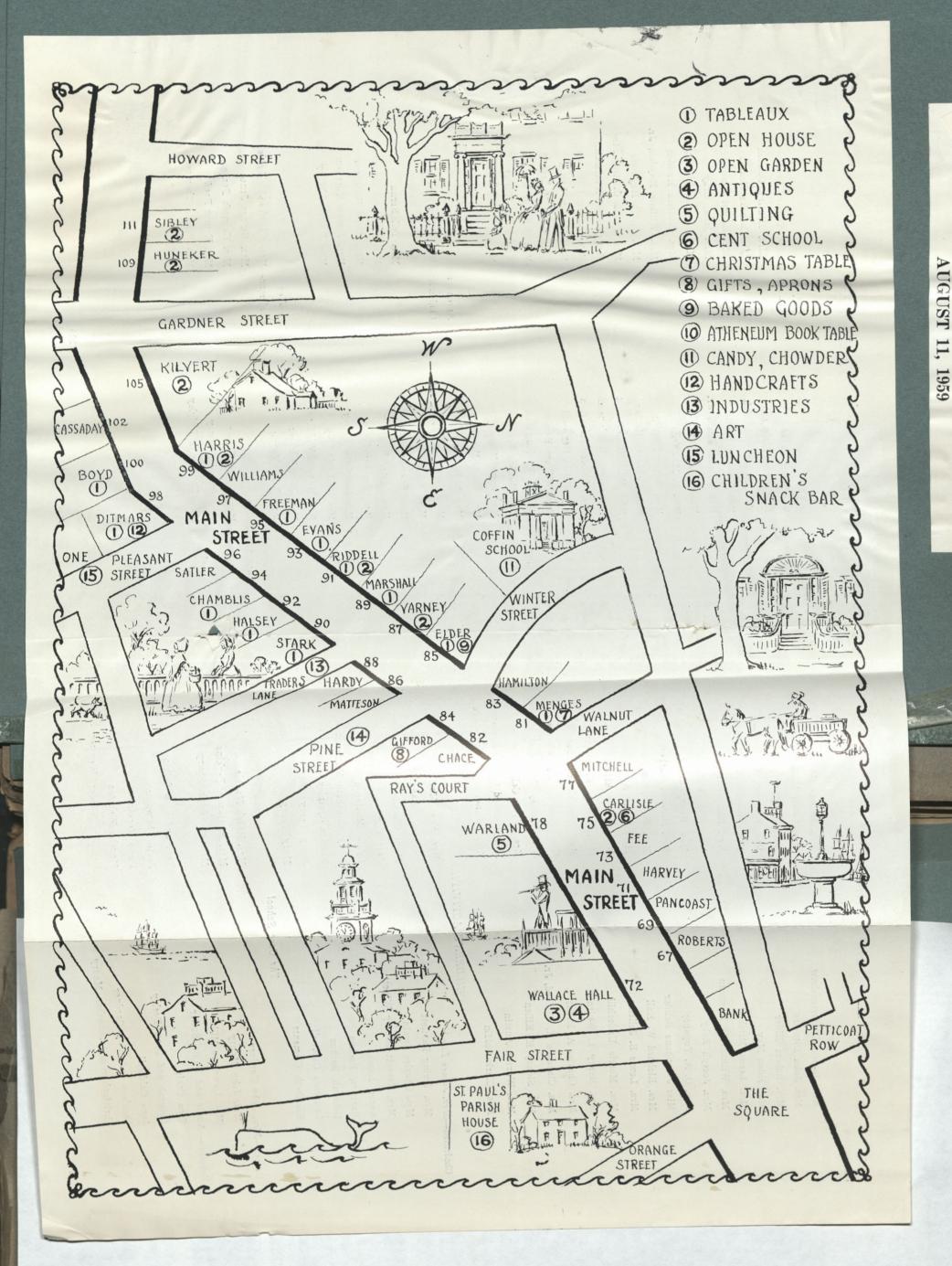
Hersonals

FRIDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 5, 1960

Doris Beer has had a one-man show of her watercolors in the John Young Gallery, in Honolulu, Hawaii. One of her paintings, a Hawaiian scene, "Moilii Fishing," was reproduced in a recent issue of the Honolulu "Star-Bulletin." Mrs. Beer explains, "Moilii are small fish that once were eaten only by royalty, and the legend is that when they school near shore inside the coral reefs, some major event occurs in the islands. This year it was the volcanic eruptions."

EER, or de execut with tale admire

nlulu Star-Bulletin



22—Sarasota Herald-Tribune

Sunday, April 17, 1960

Sarasota Herald-Tribune

Thurs., April 21, 1960-13

Doris Beer To Exhibit At Siesta Key

An exhibition of watercolors by Doris Beer, a noted Nantucket artist, will be opened by Gerald Taber at his Siesta Key Gallery this afternoon. Mrs. Beer, widow of Richard Beer, another aquarellist, spent weeks painting here this winter as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. George Yerkes of Longboat Key and Nantucket. She is a professional who has exhibited in Boston, New York, Nantucket and other centers, and recently returned from a painting tour of

DORIS BEER UNTIL APRIL 23

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30 Water Colors by

DORIS RIKER BEER April 18-23 inclusive

DORIS BEER is without question one of the ablest water color painters of our time. Her complete mastery of this most difficult medium (why do so many beginners attempt it?) is apparent in the economy of means she employs, the directness of brushwork, the originality of her compositions and her extraordinary use of the paper as part of the picture.

Mrs. BEER studied in New York under Bridgman at the Art Students League, with Starkweather and Jennewein at Cooper Union and with Arthur Dow at Columbia University. Her work has been handled by such well known New York galleries as Kennedy, Harlow, Butler, Ferargil, Ward Eggleston, Portraits, Inc., and Associated American Artists. She has also shown in Boston, Washington, D. C., Cleveland, New Orleans, Palm Beach, Tucson, Honolulu, New Haven and Princeton. This is her first showing in Sarasota. Her work is also shown at her WHARFHEAD STUDIO in Nantucket where she has summered for the past twenty years.

Realism Out In Front At 2 Showings

Realism, a style that very gingerly, if at all, puts its foot in the door of large shows where prizes go to abstractions, unashamedly asserts itself in two exhibitions this week. One is a large hanging of watercolors by Doris Beer of Nantucket at the Siesta Key Gallery, while the other is a display of drawings by five young out-of-state painters at the Ringling School of Art.

Doris Beer is a seasoned professional whose name has been associated with Nantucket for years through her Wharfhead Studio. There her late husband, Richard Beer, exhibited as well, and the works of both have been in vogue in the galleries of Manhattan and other centers.

Nature has been Mrs. Beer's chief inspiration. Birds in flight and at rest in salt water coves, small boats bobbing at anchor, fold piers, fishermen's gear, the harmony of trees and sea, the thrill of the far-away vista are among the things that stir a highly sensitive and technically proficient observer. Grace and ease, with never a sense of striving unduly, make her small subjects more important than their size would suggest.

The use of white paper, impossible to the many who use watercolor as though it were oil, is highly effective for emphasis and pattern. Color is lovingly applied. Atmosphere is expertly suggested.

It's hard to define beauty. But for most people, much of Doris Beer's work symbolizes the beautiful, with gentle stress on the quieter aspects of nature. There is an honesty about the presentation, based upon flashes of drama a chieved without tricks, that should appeal in an age of chaos.

This is Mrs. Beer at her best. And she is most at home in Nantucket, with the wharves and the life around them that she knows best. Some of the tropical papers require a broader acquaintance with palms and exotic birds, more of a pushing of talent beyond the trivial. At her best, on the other hand, she can say much with little, somewhat after the Oriental tradition, and the show on the whole is a relief from the often ill-founded clamor of the advanced ismists.

Browsing Off-Island



by Lawrence Dame

SARASOTA, Fla.—When Doris Beer of Nantucket opened a show of her watercolors at Gerald Taber's Siesta Key Gallery in Sarasota this week, I hardly expected that she would deviate from her particular brand of realism. And sure enough, Doris is far from going abstract, even in a town where many of the 600 members of the Sarasota Art Association feel it futile to submit anything recognizable in subject matter to large shows.

Like her late lamented husband, Richard Beer, Doris has held to the line of beauty as she conceives beauty to be throughout her long career. With a brush almost as delicate as that of an Oriental aquarellist, and certainly as sensitive, she has found inspiration in small harbors, in gulls at sunrise, in boats riding at their moorings, in glimpses of marsh and field, in many of the charming guises that Nature will assume in the artist's eye.

So it is in the current show, which is attracting much attention among those who refuse to bow down and worship a few careless swipes and slashes of a brush which so many modernists use in their effort to create a picture. Doris Beer—and there are many more like her whose work is more or less out of the public eye at the moment—must be inspired by form and light and color before she can touch brush to paper. She is not ashamed of feeling what she puts down. Sentiment is not beyond her grasp, though she is disciplined in the use of it.

Moreover, like all good painters, she has a very good idea of the use of the abstrcat in realism and impressionism. This does not mean going all out, throwing away what can be seen, and making combinations of hideous blobs and meaningless planes. Nor does it mean a return to the old 19th century camera's eye school of realism, in which the artist tried to copy nature as exactly as possible.

Doris, and those for whom she is a symbol of good art, starts with what she sees twists it or transposes it here and there as she wishes—even though this may mean no more than placing a gull so that the light shines on its wing tips instead of making it a mere dark mark in the sky—groups natural detail so that it makes a better composition than it did where nature placed it.

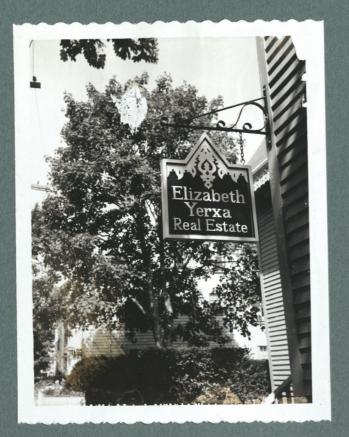
This is the kind of abstraction, far from the practice of what I call demon art, which is essential to all painters worthy of the name, and the end result is one that any sensitive person can understand. It is the kind of art that will endure.

I have given this space to Doris Beer because, as I have said, she symbolizes countless artists who are disheartened today by the notoriety and spurious fame given sensationmongers and fakers in the art world. There are a few excellent out-and-out abstractionists and non-representational painters, who have the best of technical background and who handle color and form in startling but sincere ways. For these few, there are hundreds and thousands who try to capitalize on their success, and who lack the groundwork necessary to lasting art. They get the publicity build-ups, including support from gullible or ignorant gallery - keepers and even museum directors eager to appear aware of every new current and trend however specious.

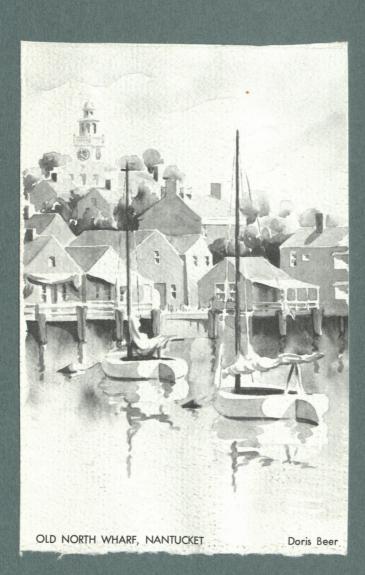
There is no lasting place for the fakers. The public has never fallen for their deceptions. The sincere practitioners, no matter of what school, including the honest experimenters, will always have scope for their creative endeavors even though the more extreme of these may have difficulty in acceptance.

But the poetic realist, like Doris Beer, the romantic realist, like Andrew Wyeth, and the super-realist, like many who have translated Dutch fidelity to detail into modern terms, still have room for their work in a curiously disjointed and demoralized world of art. They must keep on laboring, true to their ideals, eager to do better than they have ever done before, aware of what is going on among artists opposed in style to their own. Art has always been a matter of change and transition. It is a pursuit, never-ending, for those who can take grief and struggle and make the best of

Therefore, after many years of striving myself in the art world, on the writing and viewing end in many lands and among thousands of different artists, I will say to those worthy of bearing the torch in confused and difficult times, "Persevere, according to your lights. Know the past and the present in looking to the future. Do not blind yourself to creative impulses you may not understand. Study them and learn from them if you can. Above all, to your own self be true."



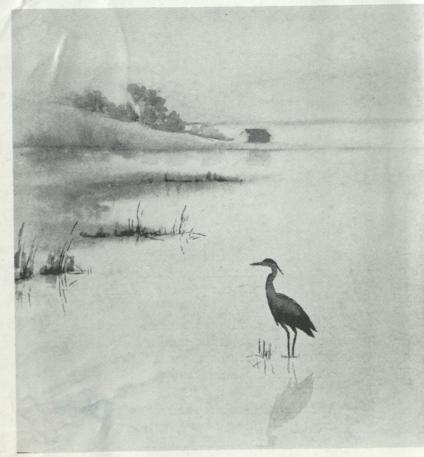








THEVILLAGER

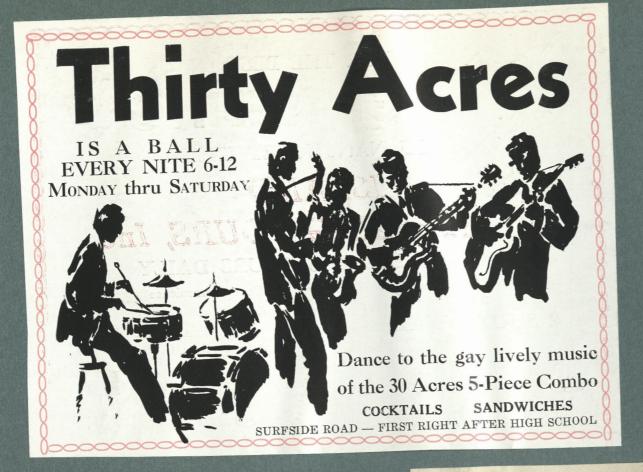


BLUE HERON BY D. R. BEER



Courtesy Grand Central Art Galleries

EER, o rof id executes with talent y admire a



NANTUCKET TOWN CRIER

THE INQUIRER AND MIRROR, NANTUCKET, MASS.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 17, 1962

FRIDAY MORNING, AUGUST 3, 1962

Artists Take To Sea To Sell Paintings

Two Nantucket artists and a writer have combined business with cruising in Nantucket Harbor.

Inaugurating a novel idea for selling art works at sea as well as on land, the trio launched the Art Barge on a maiden voyage to show paintings to yachtsmen aboard craft anchored in Nantucket Harbor.

The Art Barge is a catamaran which they rented from Robert Christman.

Art Barge, skippered by Artist Roy Bailey with writer Louis Davidson Jr. as first mate and Artist Doris Beer as the third member of the crew, was given a rousing bon voyage with a three-gun salute from the Wharf Rat Club cannon, fired at Club headquarters by Club Commodore Arthur C. McCleave.

The Art Barge's return to dockside and disembarkation to the crew were not as noil were more on the dramatic Captain Bailey and crew member Mrs. Beer accidentally splashed over the side of the Barge in docking but both were in shorts and the ducking event turned out to be a mirthful one.

"We had a wonderful reception for the paintings," said Mrs. Beer who added that the afternoon's cruise netted two sales, aside from the ducking.

The Barge gammed with the yachts Moby Dick, Sakonet, Mr. Jastrom, The Libre, The Tor, The Ondine and The Vic Mor.

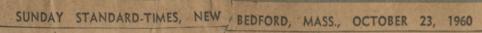
Mrs. Beer's colors are known to thousands of visitors. Mr. Bailey who has had numerous one man shows and Mr. Davidson recently published a limited edition of 300 books, Woodcuts and Words. Mr. Bailey did the etchings and Mr. Davidson the prose.

"Art Barge" to Contact Visiting Boats

When one thinks of the South Pacific, one envisions suntanned natives in their canoes coming out to visiting boats to sell their wares and trade cultures. And so we have a basis for the "Art Barge" which three of Nantucket's talented and enterprising "adopted" plan to operate, beginning today, Friday, from 4 to 7 p.m. daily.

Boats anchored in Nantucket Harbor will be hailed by Doris Beer with her watercolors, Roy Bailey and his woodcuts, and "Bud" Davidson and the book "Words and Woodcuts", by Bud and Roy, in a catamaran with the purpose in mind of selling their works. They are looking forward to this venture with all the enthusiasm and excitement of children going to a circus. Regardless of what they sell, they will certainly spread good will for Nantucket with their talent, charm, and bubbling good humor.

"Adventurous Nantucketers" sail again!



ER AND MIRROR, NANTUCKET, MASS.

ORNING, OCTOBER 21, 1960



Allen Stapleton, as Silvio, draws his sword on his sworn rival, Federigo, Happy Miller, confused suitors for the hand of Clarice, Rose Ryder, as seen in "The Servant of Two Masters," opening tomorrow night on Nantucket.



Beatrice (disguised as her dead brother) and Pantalone, in a tense moment in the production of "A Servant of Two Masters" which was a hit this week.



DORIS BEER, rofessional artist,

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tly admie and respect.

A Scene from "A Servant of Two Masters'



Lovers in trouble. Allan Stapleton, as Silvio, kneels before his sweetheart, Clarice (Rose Ryder). His father, Dr. Lombardi (Norman Wilson), at rear, Pantalone (Irving Stanley), father of Clarice, and her lady's maid, Smeraldina (Shirley Perkins), try to convince her Silvio's love is true.

THE INQUIRER AND MIRROR, NANTUCKET, MASS.

FRIDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 14, 1962

"She Stoops to Conquer' Delights Audience

around these two romances, which, of course, are solved to the satisfaction of all concerned in the course of the evening.

It would be impossible to mention the play and its excellent direction by Mr. Dixon, without reference to the really outstanding and beautiful backgrounds, so well executed by Mrs. Doris Beer, and the period costuming with its flamboyant cut, colors and accessories, which were under the direction of Mrs. Grenville Curtis. The wiggery, too, deserves special mention, with Miss Sally Terry as the hairdresser.



The scene at the tavern of the Three Pigeons with painted scenery by Doris Beer. Left to right: Robert Valkavich, Roger Young as Lumpkin, Paul Rovetti and Bernard Stockley as drinking companions.



"Dories." Painted by Doris Ricker Beer. Photo by Louis S. Davidson.

Sarasota erald-Tribune

Thurs., April 21, 1960—13

Realism Out In Front At 2 Showings

Realism, a style that very gingerly, if at all, puts its foot in the door of large shows where prizes go to abstractions, unashamedly asserts itself in two exhibitions this week. One is a large hanging of watercolors by Doris Beer of Nantucket at the Siesta Key Gallery, while the other is a display of drawings by five young out-of-state painters at the Ringling School of Art.

Doris Beer is a seasoned professional whose name has been associated with Nantucket for years through her Wharfhead Studio. There her late husband, Richard Beer, exhibited as well, and the works of both have been in vogue in the galleries of Manhattan and other centers.

Nature has been Mrs. Beer's chief inspiration. Birds in flight and at rest in salt water coves, small boats bobbing at anchor, old piers, fishermen's gear, the harmony of trees and sea, the thrill of the far-away vista are among the things that stir a highly sensitive and technically proficient observer. Grace and ease, with never a sense of striving unduly, make her small subjects more important than their size would suggest.

The use of white paper, impossible to the many who use water-color as though it were oil, is highly effective for emphasis and pattern. Color is lovingly applied. Atmosphere is expertly suggested.

It's hard to define beauty. But for most people, much of Doris Beer's work symbolizes the beautiful, with gentle stress on the quieter aspects of nature. There is an honesty about the presentation, based upon flashes of drama a chieved without tricks, that should appeal in an age of chaos.

This is Mrs. Beer at her best. And she is most at home in Nantucket, with the wharves and the life around them that she knows best. Some of the tropical papers require a broader acquaintance with palms and exotic birds, more of a pushing of talent beyond the trivial. At her best, on the other hand, she can say much with little, somewhat after the Oriental tradition, and the show on the whole is a relief from the often ill-founded clamor of the advanced ismists.

Leti Go Shopping with Alice Herbert Art was also on our minds, and a trip to Doris Beers's Wharf Head Sudio was rewarding—we came home with one of her simple, early morning, semi-misty, understated watercolors—a few rocks, a piling or two, one gull, and some spears of grass—a painting that contains so little, really, but suggests so very much. Lovely, lovely, lovely.!

AUGUST 1964 YANKEE







THE INQUIRER AND MIRROR

NANTUCKET, MASSACHUSETTS



From a water color by D. & R. Beer





THE INQUIRER AND MIRROR

NANTUCKET, MASSACHUSETTS



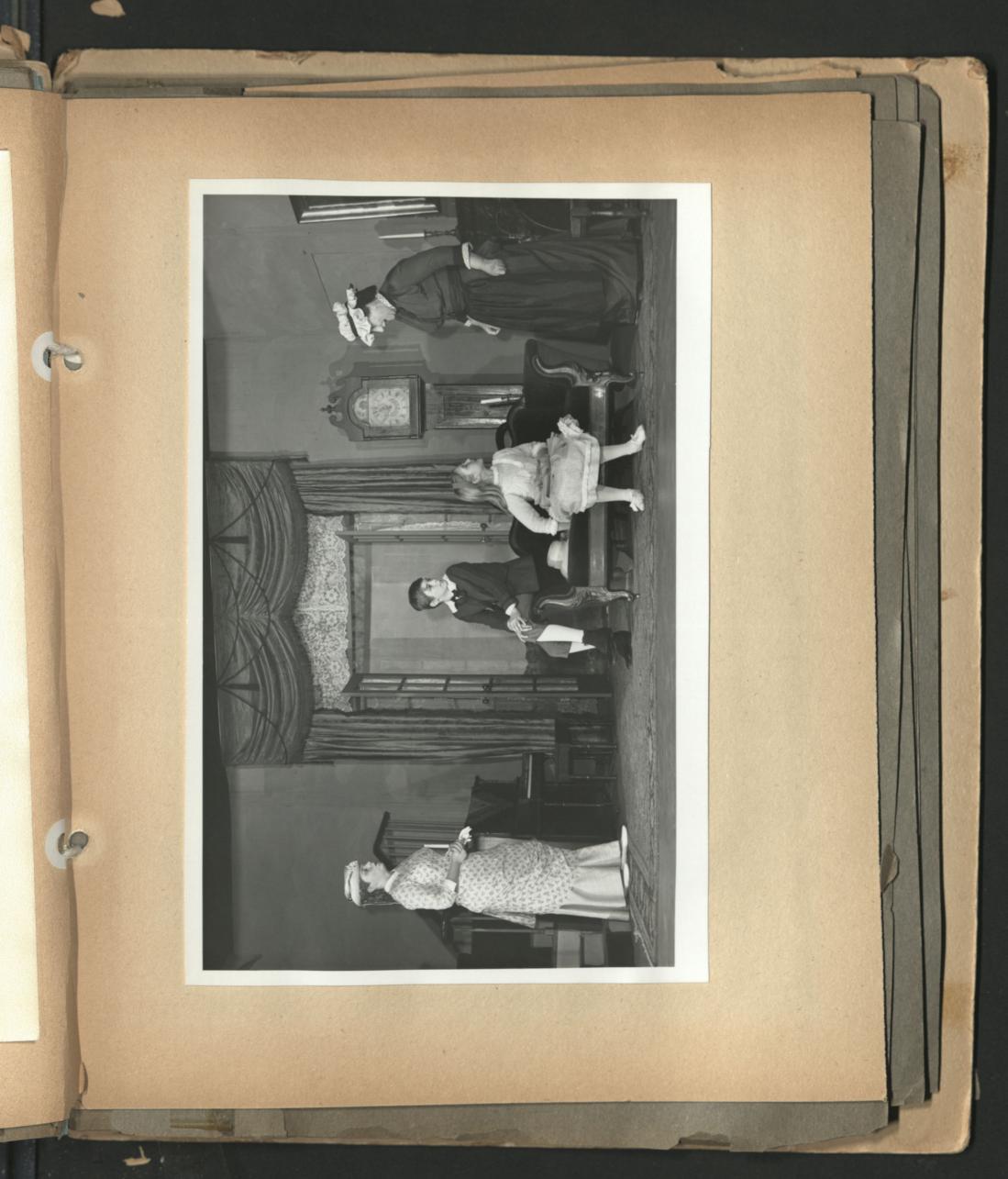
From a water color by D. & R. Beer



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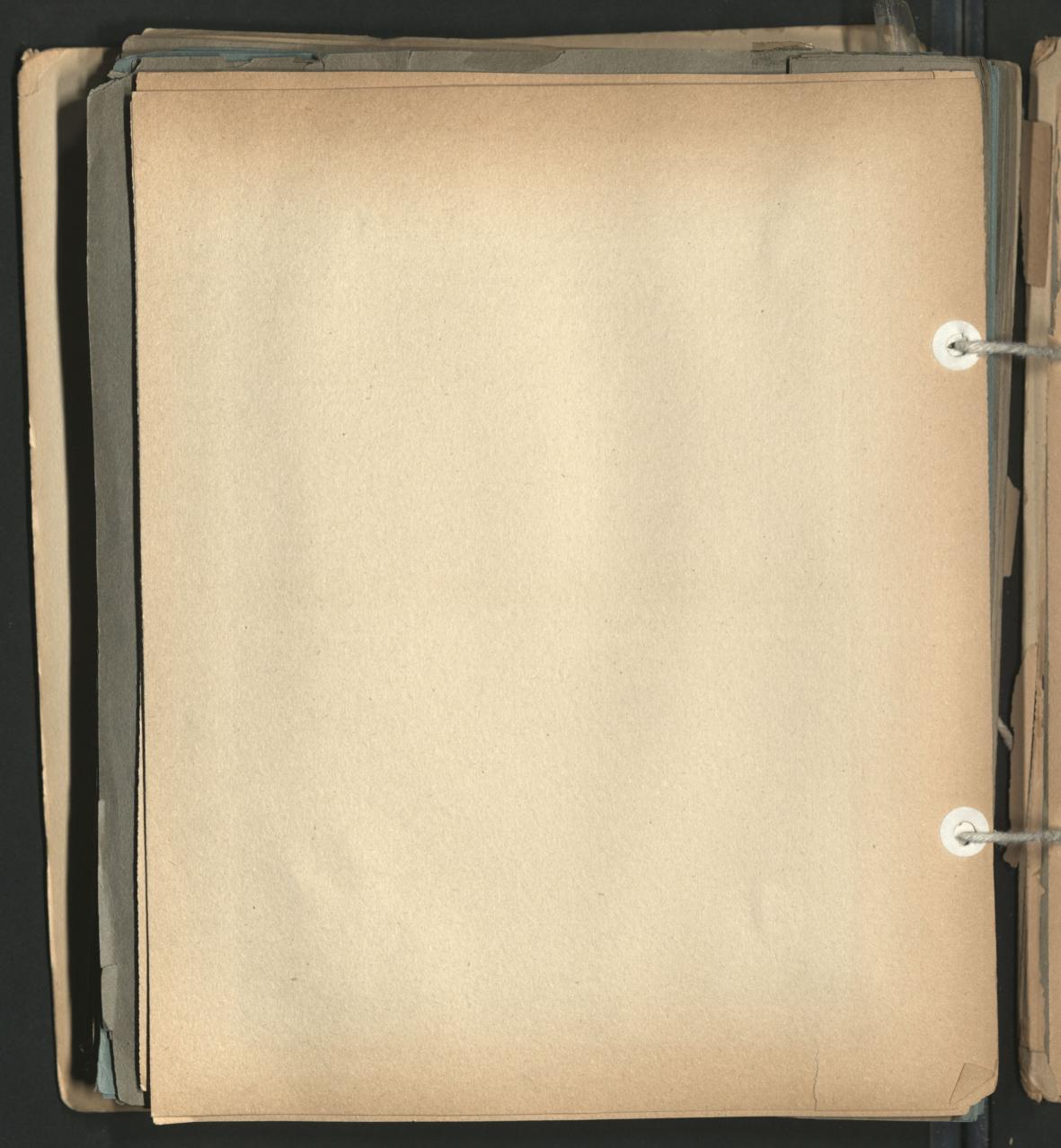
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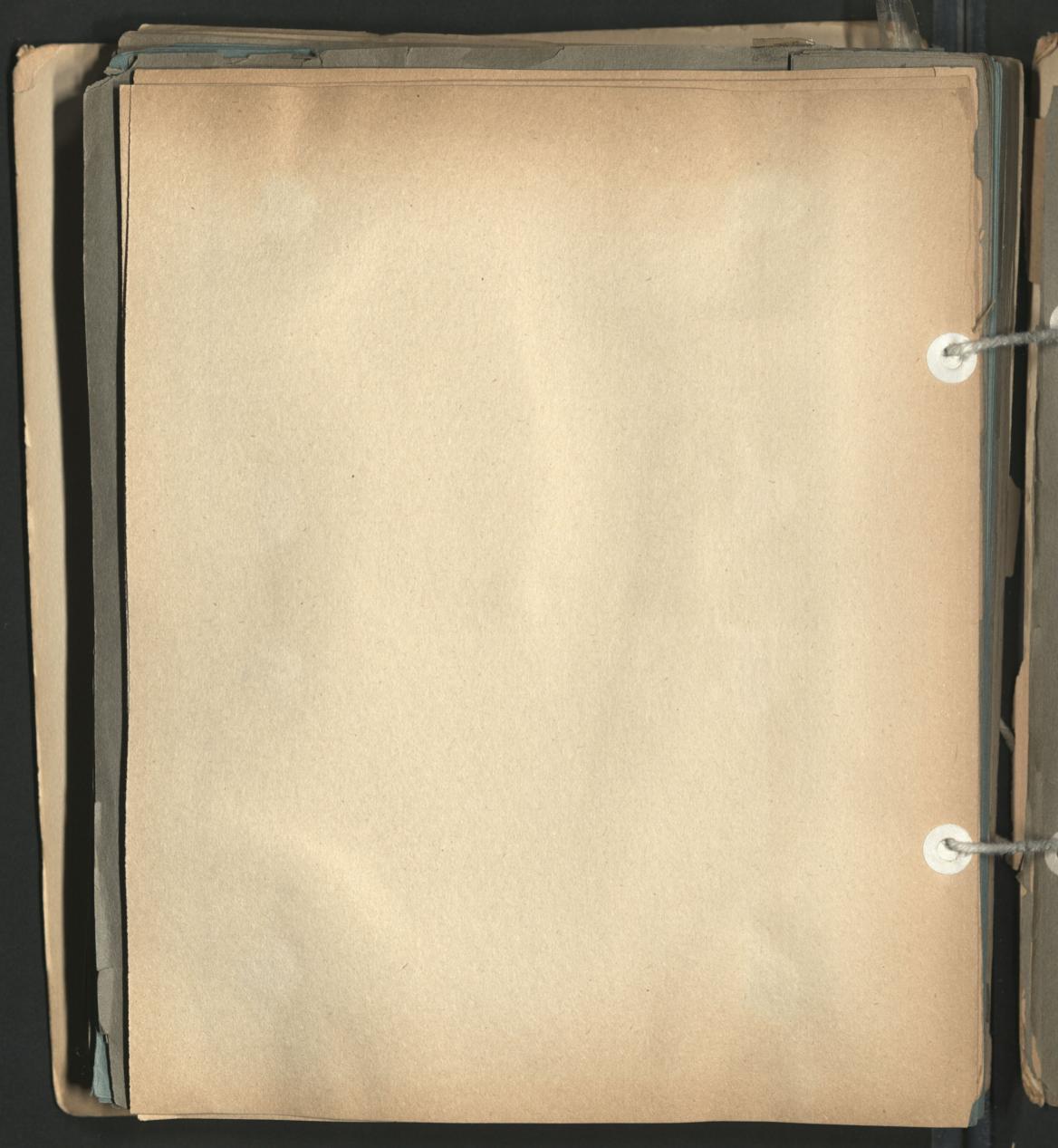






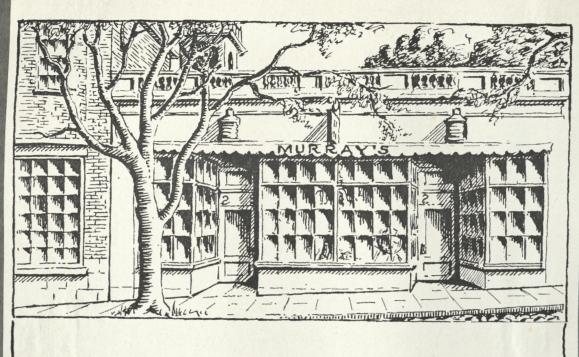












MURRAY'S TOGGERY SHOP

NANTUCKET TOWN CRIER

The Nantucket Art World

by Fritz Spitzer

Doris Beer, who has had a studio on Old North Wharf for many years called Wharfhead Studio, is again opening Monday her smaller one called Wharfhead Studio, Jr. on Old South Wharf between the Lobster Pot Gallery and Bob Perrin's gallery. Bill Troute will run this gallery until after Labor Day. Doris has one of the most attractive galleries in town with its large balconied room upstairs, with a fine view of the harbor and wharves, the convenient bicycle rack out front and the window boxes giving the color. Besides her familiar water colors she is now doing portraits. She has painted William Curtis, Mary Sarg Murphy, Daniel Morgan, Captain Arthur-McCleave, commodore of the Wharf Rat Club, and a quick one of a beautiful Sarah Lawrence girl named Garnett Eleison, who just happened to stop in from a boat and agreed to pose for an hour or

MORRIS L. ERNST Library



BANNED BOOKS



The Inquirer and Mirror

NANTUCKET LIGHT Page 11

A Long, Lon

(With the various colleges and universities throughout the land now reassembling, the once-cocky high school seniors but now some what timorous college freshmen feeling their way and the older students getting nearer and nearer to the cold, cold outside world, it occured to Frank Norris, Princeton, '29, that others besides himself, sitting in front of a fire in the quiet of one of these early fall evenings might be lending an occasional thought to the times that were there are some sketches he has written. --The Editor.)

By Frank Norris

He was listening to the fragile old man with hair like moth wing speak to the class about Victoria poetry. It was a lecture on white winter afternoon in McCosh

"Hail to thee, blithe spirit," the old man quoted, and faltered and gripped the lectern with frail hands. The two young preceptor sitting in the front row ease forward, he saw, but the old man raised himself and the two preceptors relaxed.

ceptors relaxed.

"Hail to thee," the old ma said, and slumped badly this time He watched the preceptors ris from their seats and wondere what he himself could do about th old man. The old man said "Hail and fell to the floor of the plat form.

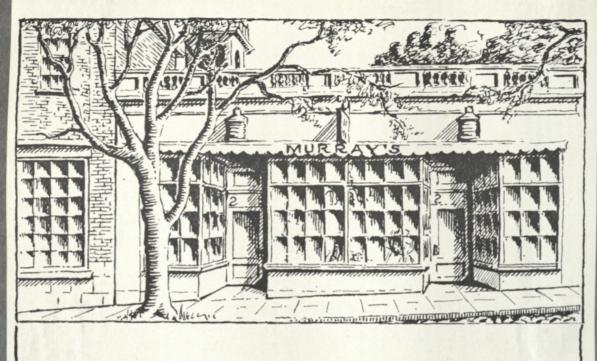
"Knocked out by Kid Keats i the third round," somebody in th class whispered, "but wha heart!"

The two preceptors, murmuring to each other, raised the old man to his feet and led hir down the aisle. The class applauded, as it always did at the end of a lecture. But this time more loudly.

Outside, the Japanese mag



avidson



MURRAY'S TOGGERY SHOP

NANTUCKET TOWN CRIER

The Nantucket Art World

by Fritz Spitzer

Doris Beer, who has had a studio on Old North Wharf for many years called Wharfhead Studio, is again opening Monday her smaller one called Wharfhead Studio, Jr. on Old South Wharf between the Lobster Pot Gallery and Bob Perrin's gallery. Bill Troute will run this gallery until after Labor Day. Doris has one of the most attractive galleries in town with its large balconied room upstairs, with a fine view of the harbor and wharves, the convenient bicycle rack out front and the window boxes giving the color. Besides her familiar water colors she is now doing portraits. She has painted William Curtis, Mary Sarg Murphy, Daniel Morgan, Captain Arthur-McCleave, commodore of the Wharf Rat Club, and a quick one of a beautiful Sarah Lawrence girl named Garnett Eleison, who just happened to stop in from a boat and agreed to pose for an hour or

MORRIS L. ERNST Library



BANNED BOOKS



The Inquirer and Mirror

Page 12 THE NANTUCKET LIGHT Friday, September 25, 1964

Cheops Was Indeed Nondescript At First Glance But He Was Far From Ordinary

By John W. Morgan Jr.

To the casual eye, Cheops was a fairly nondescript, halfgrown yellow tomcat. A closer inspection would have revealed that his close packed fur was tawny in the sun and then a deep gold under the evening lamp. He was indistinguishable at rest from his brother, Khufu, except by reason of a white spot on his throat. As kittens, both were constantly chucked under the chin to discover identity.

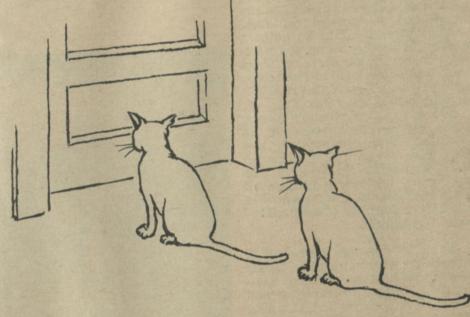
The other members of the litter were beautiful with strange, exotic color combinations, fluffy coats and enormous tails which were flaunted aloft with patrician indifference. In paradox, Cheops and Khufu were peasants in this august company, if one judged only by external appearance.
One outstanding physical oddity

the twins displayed in abundance. Toes. Lying side by side on the rug with their paws stretched before them, they carpeted an area with a profusion of paws. Several times I counted toes looking for a seventh because of this bewildering expanse but the tally remained the same. They were possessed of huge double paws that lay carelessly strewn before them like golden oak leaves in the early fall.

In the way of handling cat

litters, the beauties were sadly parcelled away and the twins remained to us. Why was this when almost anyone searches a a litter for the singular beauty which denotes a prize to be retained? Simply this. Cheops liked people. And what Cheops liked, Khufu liked.

My first memory of Cheops is that of a brave little fellow, staggering on his tiny kitten legs, not in fearful attempt to escape the huge human hand but wending instead directly toward the enormous biped, with head cocked



quizzically in fearless, friendly appraisal.

As they grew, the twins, so fortuitously equipped by nature, easily and good hunoredly battered the beauteous dilettantes

into submission.

Then the house resounded tothe thumping as the evenly matched pair settled the question

of pack mastery.

It was Cheops by a shade. He was a fraction stronger, quicker, and more intelligent in seizing advantage with his fanlike grips.

Most cats I have known rub themselves against every available leg to beg a meal and then with a feline contempt, walk away with filled bellies to preen themsleves, never sparing a backward look of appreciation. Cheops and Khufu were different. They sound-

lessly indicated hunger, ate politely, and then almost invariably approached the donor to nuzzle affectionate appreciation. This accomplished, they lay down in close proximity with the lucky human to drone a paean of praise and friendship.

In play with people, Cheops, like Khufu, joined happily but always in accordance with a rule acquired genetically, certainly not by training. Their bites were gentle and their claws were sheathed. Chasing a raccoon's tail on a string was something of a different order. Cheops attacked violently and heedlessly. Seemingly impervious to injury or shock, he glanced off the walls and tables in ceaseless attack. He won quickly. Human reflexes could not match his swift and

accurate sally, his soaring leaps and clashing claws. Khufu seemed cautious, even ordinary, in comparison with his inimitable bro-

Generally they ate, slept, played, and enjoyed human company together. All their habits were good. In the evening they sat facing the door, Cheops in front and Khufu directly behing like well-trained schoolboys awaiting the recess bell.

This morning only Khufu waited to be let in. Across the street in the short grass lay his brother, unbelievably but unmistakeably dead. A single glance was enough. Cheops had been killed outright by a car. The evidence was there in the street. No one is to blame. Who can dodge a speeding cat on a foggy night? Some kind individual, either the motorist who struck him or another, had lifted him to the grassy wayside. wayside.

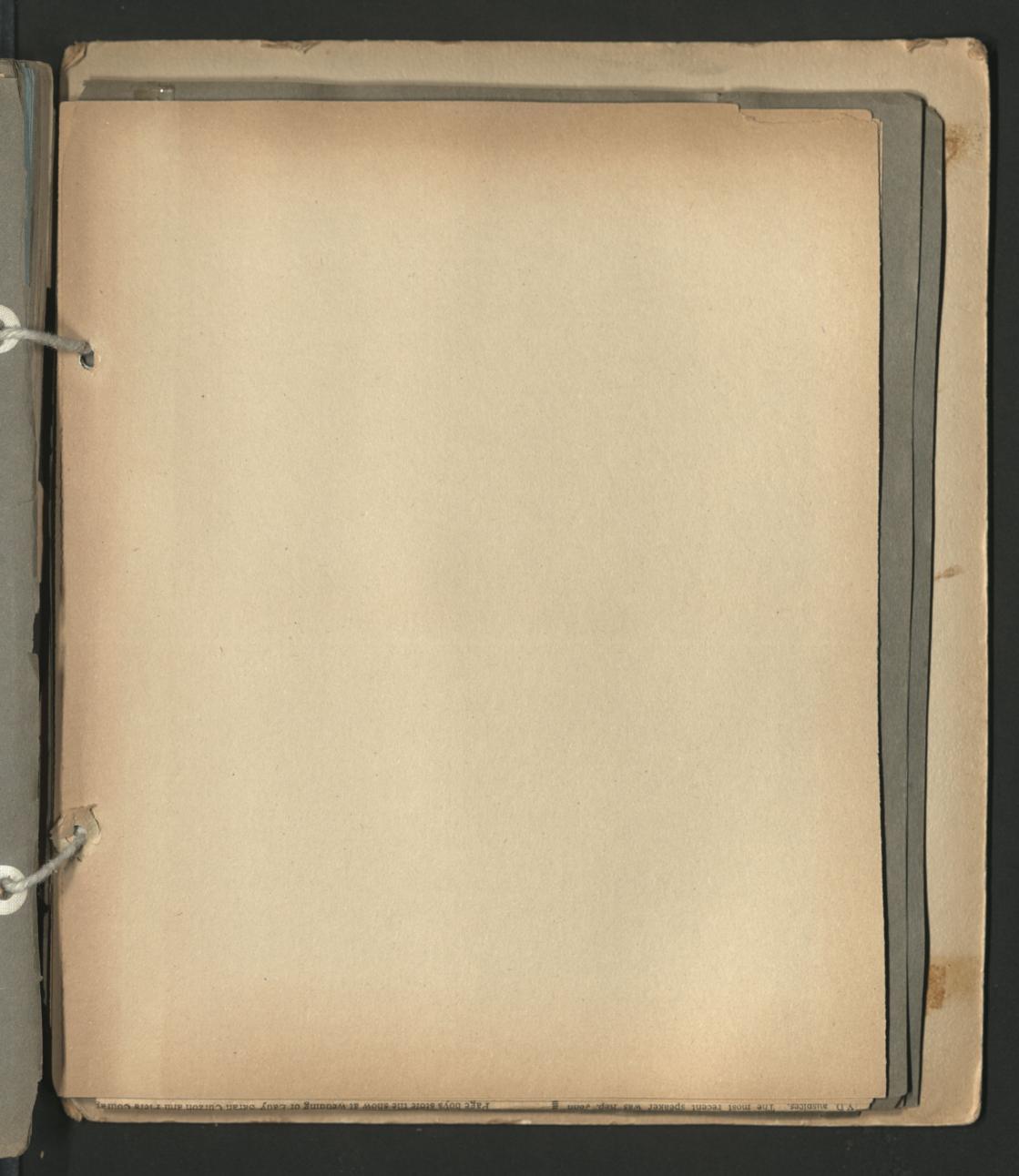
My family and I, fatuous and fond, had looked forward to a dozen happy years with Cheops smug in our assurance that Khufu provided security against accidental bereavement, for man is an indefatigable schemer against tomorrow's vicissitudes.

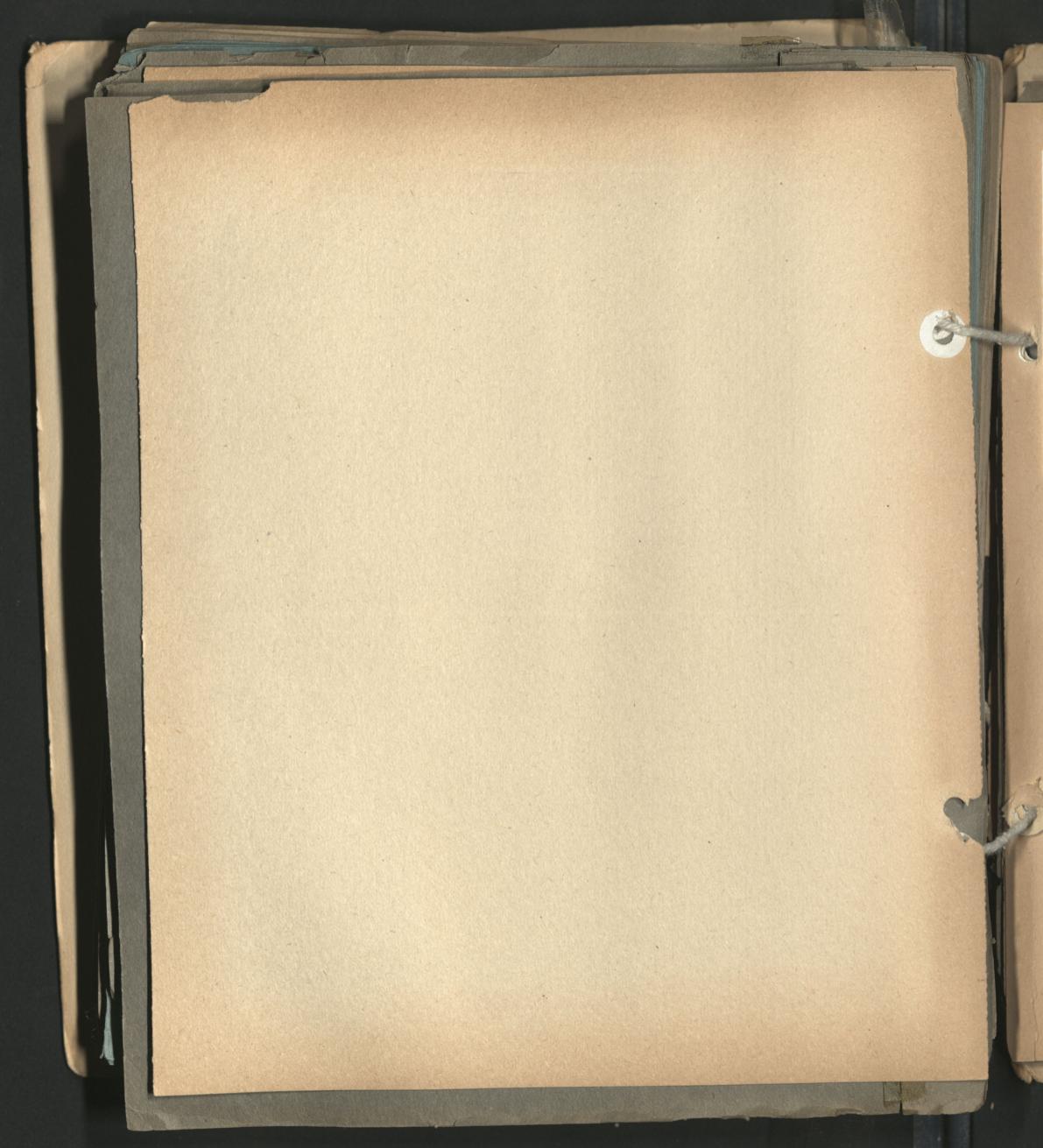
One is reminded now of a namesake, Cheops, Pharoah of Egypt, who indeed planned for immortality with the largest of pyramids. He was called Cheops by the greek Handelt and Kharita by the greek Herodotus and Khufu by his Egyptians. Our Cheops has a pyramid too, of sorts. A small mound of soil in the yard that will disappear without trace

after a few rain storms.

Khufu, his alter ego, remains to us. He is a comfort and a very welcome emotional buffer, as we planned so well, but always when he plays we shall see his leaping, soaring, most remarkable brother, our beloved Cheops.







Beachside Motel

NANTUCKET ISLAND MASSACHUSETTS



THE INQUIRER AND MIRROR, NANTUCKET, MASS.

THURSDAY, MAY 27, 1965



The most recent speaker was nep some E Page boys store the show at wedding of Mady paran Cuixon and Freis Courag

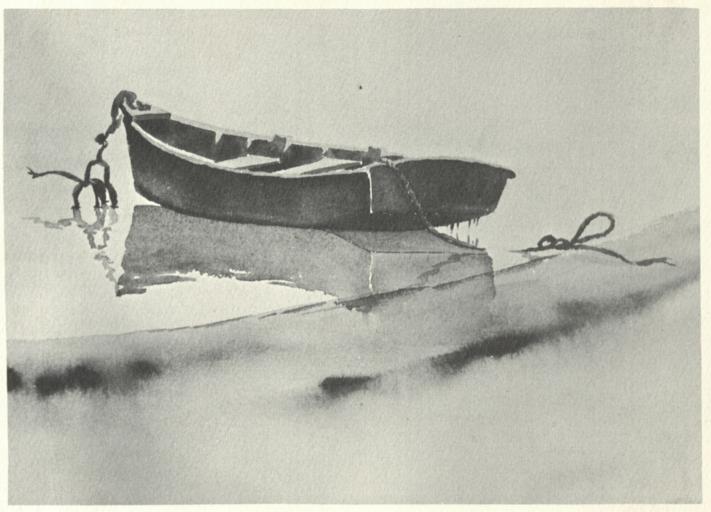
Here and There

There's no doubt about it that "Yankee" magazine has a soft spot where Nantucket is concerned. Hardly a month goes by that there isn't a special feature or a picture pertaining to us. The June issue of the magazine just arrived and the "Colorful New England" center spread is a color reproduction of one of Doris Beer's watercolors of Old North Wharf with the Town Clock in the background. It is preceded by a descriptive paragraph of the scene and accompanied by a black and white photograph of the town as seen from the deck of the out bound steamer (not from the end of the wharf as the story tells).

Also in "Yankee" and just before and after Doris Beer's "Old North Wharf" is a story by John Morgan of the great Nantucket bank robbery, entitled "The Robbery That Split an Island." Credit is given to The Inquirer and Mirror for all the illustrations — with, of course the exception of Mrs. Beer's beautiful watercolor.

one simpuner aim similar

Nantucket Island, Massachusetts



"Brown Skiff." Painted by Doris Riker Beer. Photo by Universal Photo

News of Art and Artists

By Betty Hardy

Though slightly shaky about my first stab at critical art viewing, I set out for the art galleries with notebook in hand, as more of a layman than a newspaper critic, to see first hand Nantucket's art and artists. My first stop was Doris Beers' Wharfhead studio on North Wharf. She is now exhibiting a typically lovely Beers' collection of water colors. As anyone who has ever seen her work will know, her themes deal mostly with Nantucket scenes, especially the wharves and beaches. She uses the least amount of paint in her compositions, leaving a great deal of the white background. Mrs. Beers calls this laziness. I, in my own bumbling way, would call it art. Regardless, her style is refreshing and the end results are enchanting.

THE INQUIRER AND MIRROR, NANTUCKET, MASS.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 25, 1966



DORIS BEER ... 15,000 seascapes

By SARA DAVIDSON -4tord 4tiltal Benester of

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munist empire. ence after its election of a Communist professions of communist president. Reuther's letter professing the A.F.L.-C.L.O. move pointedly noted it clashed with Mr. Johnedly noted it clashed with a strategy in dealing with the strife-ridden Communist empire. Jabor's walkout from the Interna-tional Labor Organization's Confer-Meany finds himself quietly strayed against both President Johnson and Walter Reuther in sponsoring U.S. A.F.L.-C.I.O. president George

of facts available to the President and Secretary of State." Galbraith's comment: "The prob-lem of Viet Nam seems to be that the government has less informa-on."

the lively arts in the New Boston

Nantucket -The Natives Are Restless

Will Boom Spoil Quaint Little Island?



MARY SARG MURPHY "... my own ancestor"

Amid the flood of commencement oraclory, his words are especially memorable, He quotes Rusk's observation that "in my experience as Secretary of State, I have found that the objectives of American foreign spected and supported." How, Gallesto, State spected and supported." How, Gallesto, State spected and supported." How, Gallesto, Ga

State, He scorns pieties and dogmas.
He imparts suthentic wit to the human comedy. He knows that each time he criticizes Dean Rusk, he im Washington. But he speaks out. In a dream, one imagines John Kenneth Galbraith, former U.S. am-bassador to India, as Secretary of

BY JAMES A. WECHSLER

other gallery in Palm Beach, Fla., when the Summer leaves Nantucket. Vigourgulyusauos

at precinct and county conventions to the party's state two years and, in 1968, elect delegates, white and Negro, Democrats is to force it open gradually over the next Ington is still almost tight shut. The hope of the Young In short, the door to the party's hierarchy in Wash-

rights leaders backing the Young Democrats. the N.A.A.C.P.'s Charles Evers are the two top Megro civil Henry, the head of the Mississippi N.A.A.C.P. Henry and turn down an invitation to speak sent to him by Aaron that reason. Vice President Humphrey was compelled to politely declined a Y.D. invitation several weeks ago for Sen. Ralph Yarborough, the liberal Texas Democrat,

of possible retaliation at the hands of big Jim Eastland. Some other Democrats are less enthusiastic because

at Ole Miss several months ago was an invitation from the

trict. A major reason for Sen. Robert F. Kennedy's speech elected with heavy Negro support from his Atlanta dis-Another recent visitor was Rep. Charles Weltner of Georgia, Brademas of Indiana, who went to college in Mississippi.

Dream About Galbri

Page boys store the show at wedding or Lady oardn Cutzon and riers



DORIS BEER
... 15,000 seascapes

By SARA DAVIDSON Staff Reporter

NANTUCKET — White-haired island men who've been drawing unemployment checks for eons are now laying bricks and running tractors at the new wharf construction site. Every able-bodied man and boy who can lift a brick can work seven days a week.

"Nantucket is in the greatest state of inflation, the biggest economic boom since the time of the whaling ships," says a young man building a new block of studios.

The wharf redevelopers expect to double the number of Summer visitors this year. Almost 100 new houses have been built around the island since last Summer.

More New Englanders each year are choosing to spend their Summer on Nantucket because of its provincial charm, its historic interest and, most recently, its culture

There have always been artists on Nantucket because, as one native puts it "the place is essentially beautiful with a historic tradition all its own." But it has only recently developed into a recognizable colony. Three nationally known painters—Roy Bailey, Doris Beer and Reggie Levine—live on the island year-round while a whole contingent of painters and writers from Boston, New York and Sarasota, Fla, move to Nantucket just for the Summer months.

Nat Benchley, who wrote "The Off-Islanders," which was made into the movie "The Russians Are Coming, The Russians Are Coming," still spends the season on the island on which he based his book. Siasconset off in a corner of the island used to be a theatrical colony in the 1920's, and young playwrights and actors still knock on the doors of the Straight Wharf Theater in Nantucket Harbor.

But it is painting that is the heart of Nantucket's art community. There are almost as many galleries in town as there are clothing stores. Unlike large cities, where artists only display their work through dealers, on Nantucket several painters have combined studio-galleries. They work and exhibit in the same area, which makes it more profitable for themselves and often more pleasant for collectors.

ctors.

The senior studio-gallery on the wharf

RENAISSANCE

the lively arts in the New Boston

Nantucket —The Natives Are Restless

Will Boom Spoil
Quaint Little Island?

belongs to Doris Beer, a white-haired woman who dresses all in spotless white and paints watercolors that have an evanescent, white-washed feeling to them. She and her husband opened a gallery on Nantucket 25 years ago, and together they've sold more than 15,000 Nantucket seascapes.

Mr. Beer is no longer living, but Mrs. Beer's watercolors, which run from \$5 to \$300, are still highly popular. She has a set of 10 Nantucket miniatures that are copyrighted and sell for \$5 each. The line drawings are reproduced by photo offset, but they are individually hand-painted.

C. Robert Perrin, who works in Boston most of the year, is another watercolor artist with a studio-gallery on Nantucket. "I send people to him, and he sends to me," Mrs. Beer says. "We both sell a lot of paintings. I don't try to sell at all. Let people look around, decide on something for themselves."

Roy Bailey, whose oil paintings draw from \$225 to as much as \$6000, is not only the most sought-out artist on Nantucket but also one of the most talked-about residents in the island community of 3600.

"I think Roy represents what a lot of young people would like to be," says Mrs. Gilbert Nickerson, the island's original lady taxi driver, who guides tourists around in her Volkswagen bus.

Bailey, 33, with a sensitive shock of blonde hair and a dapper walk, has a studio-gallery on Main street which he opens afternoons. "If you're interested in painting that much to walk up and down the flight of stairs to my studio, then I'm certainly glad to take time to see you," he says. Bailey has been living on Nantucket with his wife and two children since 1961, and the landscape and islanders are recurrent in his paintings.

Besides the individual studio-galleries, there are three other Nantucket art galleries which run different shows all Summer and a children's gallery on South Wharf. The Kenneth Taylor Galleries, which shows the work of the Art Assn. of Nantucket, will feature a contemporary Cape and Island artists' show the last half of July. There will also be two outdoor shows for island painters.

But the gallery that sets the pace in Nantucket is the Lobster Pot Gallery run by George Vigouroux Jr., who operates an-



MARY SARG MURPHY "... my own ancestor"

other gallery in Palm Beach, Fla., when the Summer leaves Nantucket. Vigouroux organizes shows of Nantucket and young European artists and is always scheming up unusual ventures.

When he moved into an old whaling captain's house and found its heavy carved doors too narrow to keep, he gave the doors to eight different artists—including Elizabeth Saltonstall, Gloria Vanderbilt, Nat Benchley and Roy Bailey—and said, "Do anything you want, we're gonna have a door show." Many of the doors were sold, and the show brought attention to other work around the island.

At the end of last Summer, Vigouroux ran an exhibit of heritage portraits by Mary Sarg Murphy. Mrs. Murphy, a redhaired portrait painter who's spent Summers on Nantucket since the 1920's, found some antique costumes and old Nantucket outfits and decided to do "I am my own ancestor" portraits. She charges from \$300 for oils and \$175 and up for pastels of children, and she is booked solid almost all season.

Despite the extent of artistic activity on the island, there is no art school there yet. Several artists take in students, but there are no regular classes.

One reason is probably that Nantucket is not a place where young students can spend an inexpensive Summer. Being both a resort and an island, Nantucket has slightly higher prices for everything than the mainland. A studio apartment which rented before for \$60 a season has now been renovated and priced at \$1700 for the season. A one-room shack on the wharf with a good view and light goes for \$1100 a season.

Doris Beer says Nantucket is "big money now, not a quaint, out-of-the way place." She says the new wharf and parking lot take away the simplicity of the island and destroy a lot of painting material.

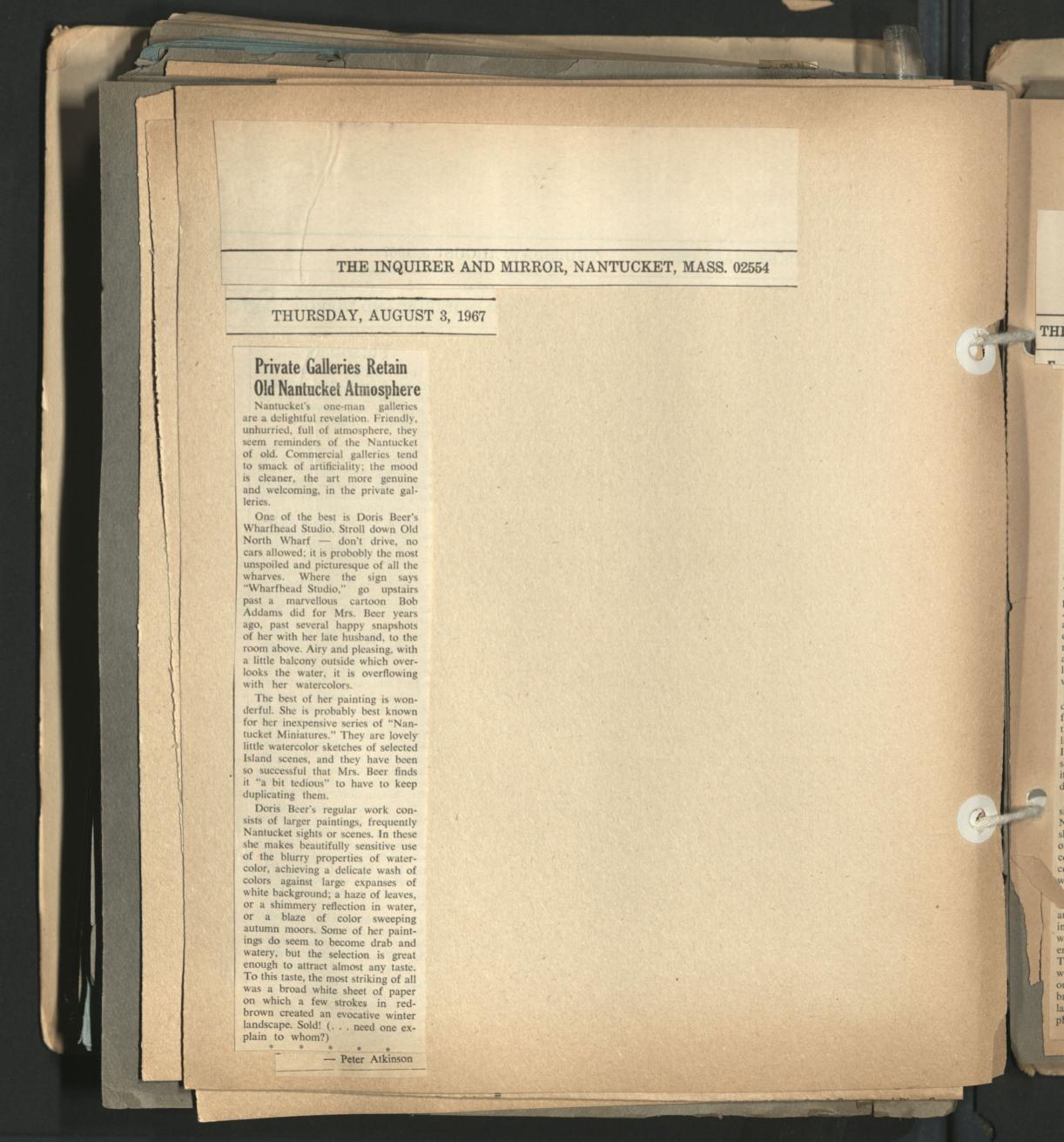
The carpenters working on the new buildings ask every Nantucketer that goes by, "Well, how do you like it?"

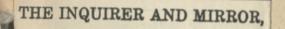
by, "Well, how do you like it?"

A short, elderly lady in a watermeloncolored dress says: "I'm too old. I can't
stand the change. The whole blooming
thing is terrible."

Mrs. Murphy says, "The waterfront will be beautiful." A stone mason looks up and adds, "It will be money."

The carpenter returns to his work, and the dull ring of his hammer has the final words, "It will be."





Private Galleries Retain Old Nantucket Atmosphere

Nantucket's one-man galleries are a delightful revelation. Friendly, unhurried, full of atmosphere, they seem reminders of the Nantucket of old. Commercial galleries tend to smack of artificiality; the mood is cleaner, the art more genuine and welcoming, in the private galleries.

One of the best is Doris Beer's Wharfhead Studio. Stroll down Old North Wharf — don't drive, no cars allowed; it is probobly the most unspoiled and picturesque of all the wharves. Where the sign says "Wharfhead Studio," go upstairs past a marvellous cartoon Bob Addams did for Mrs. Beer years ago, past several happy snapshots of her with her late husband, to the room above. Airy and pleasing, with a little balcony outside which overlooks the water, it is overflowing with her watercolors.

The best of her painting is wonderful. She is probably best known for her inexpensive series of "Nantucket Miniatures." They are lovely little watercolor sketches of selected Island scenes, and they have been so successful that Mrs. Beer finds it "a bit tedious" to have to keep duplicating them.

Doris Beer's regular work consists of larger paintings, frequently Nantucket sights or scenes. In these she makes beautifully sensitive use of the blurry properties of watercolor, achieving a delicate wash of colors against large expanses of white background; a haze of leaves,

a shimmery reflection in water, a blaze of color sweeping autumn moors. Some of her paintings do seem to become drab and watery, but the selection is great enough to attract almost any taste. To this taste, the most striking of all was a broad white sheet of paper on which a few strokes in redbrown created an evocative winter landscape. Sold! (... need one explain to whom?)

YANKEE APRIL - 1963









